

Epsom-Wells.

A
C O M E D Y,
As it is Acted
By Their MAJESTIES
SERVANTS.

Written By
THO. SHADWELL.

Μεγάλως λοποιείσθαινε αἰμαρίημα· ἐν γένεσι.

L O N D O N,

Printed for H. Herringman, and Sold by R. Bentley, J. Tonson,
F. Saunders, and T. Bennet, 1693.

Eplom-Welle.

A

COMEDY

At a Glance

By Their Majesties

SERVANTS

Written by

Mr. Shadwell

1704

Printed for H. Hartung and Son, 1704.
E. Sturz, 1704.

To his GRACE the
DUKE of NEWCASTLE, &c.

May it please your Grace,

Your Grace has, by so many and extraordinary Favours, so entirely made me your own, that I cannot but think whatever is mine is so. This makes me bold to present you with this Comedy, which the Town was extremely kind to, in which, I confess, I am more fond of than of anything I have ever written, and therefore think my self obliged to dedicate it to your Grace, since whatever I can value most among my small Possessions is your due. And though the return be in no measure proportionable to the Obligations I have received, yet I hope I shall not be thought ungrateful, since I offer the best I have to your Grace, who, I think I may say, are the only *Moguls* of our Age, I am here the only one that I can boast of.

You are he who still preserves and maintains the Magnificence and Grandeur of our ancient Nobility; and being one that's truly great in Mind as well as Fortune, you take delight in the rewarding and encouraging of Art and Wit: And while others despair from Poetry, or at least neglect it, your Grace not only encourages it by your great Example, but protects it too. *Woburn* is indeed the only place where the bold Poets can find a good reception. Your Grace well understanding their noble science, and admiring it, while some Men envy it, and others are greedy ignorants of it; and indeed, none but the latter can lightly esteem it, who commonly are solid Block-heads, thus value Business and Drudgery, which every indolent Fool is capable of, before refined Wit and Sence. It is certain true of a lordly and foolish Age, when Poetry is despised; Men, by reason of their Folly and Malice of Manners, either not caring to imitate the generous Characters delineated by it, or fearing the Satyr of it.

Your Grace is above the imitation of generous Characters made by Poets, being your self an Original which they can but faintly copy; nor are you less for your Greatness, Wisdom, and Integrity above their Satyr. So that your Grace is fitly qualified in all particular for the support of poor neglected Poetry. Your Excellence in the Art is enough to keep up the Dignity of it, and your Greatness to encourage and protect it. And accordingly, your Grace does so magnificently extend your Favours to the Poets, that your great Example is enough to stonk the neglect of all the Nation, and smother whom your Grace has obliged, there is none shall be more ready, upon all occasions, to testify his Gratitude, than,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient,

bumble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

PROLOGUE

Written by Sir C. S.

POETS and THIEVES can scarce be rooted out,
Scarce ne'er so hardly, they'll have thicker bout;
Burrs in the hand the Thieves fall to't agen,
And Poets hiss, cry they did so to Ben ----
The Boys, who have at School too oft been frits,
They have no feeling in the parts that's whipt.
They're for your pity, not your anger, sir,
They're c'en such Pools, they won'd be thought t' have wit.
Elsewhere you all can flatter, why not here?
I'm'ly say you pay, and so may be severe;
Judge for your selves then Gallants as you pay,
And lead not each of you his Bench astray:
Let easie Crits be pleas'd with all they hear,
Go home and to their Neighbours praise our Ware.
They with good stomachs come, and fair won't eat,
Do nothing like, and make them loath their meat.
Though some men are with Wine, Wit, Beauty, cloy'd,
The Creatures still by others are enjoy'd.
Tis not fair Play, that one for his Half-Grown
Should judge, and rail, and damn for half the Town.
But do your worst; if once the Pit grows thin,
Your dear lov'd Masks will hardly venture in.
Then w' are reveng'd on you, who meas must come
Hither, to shun your own dull selves at home.
But you kind Barghers who had never yes,
Either your Heads or Bellies full of wit;
Our Poet hopes to please; but not too well;
Nor won'd be have the angry Criticks swell.
A moderate Fate best fits his bumble mind,
Be neither shry too sharp, nor you too kind.

PRO

PROLOGUE to the King and Queen, spoken at Whitehall.

Poets and Soldiers used to various chance,
Cannot expect they should ev'ry day advance ;
Sometimes their Wreaths they miss, sometimes obtain;
But whenoe'er one luckie hit they gain,
Loudly the triumphs of that day they boast,
And ne'er reflect on all their Battels lost,
So, Royal Sir, the Poer of this night,
Since he contributed to your delight,
No thoughts of former losses does retain,
But boasts that now he has not liv'd in vain :
His tide of joy will to ambition swell,
He thus would think his whole life manage well,
Once pleasing him ——
To whom all the labours of our lives are due,
Has now liv'd twice, since he has twice pleas'd you.
* If this for him had been by others done,
After this honour sure they'd claim their own.
Yet, to compleat his wishes, does remain
This new addition, which he hopes to gain,
That you, the other glory of our Isle,
Would grace his labours with your Royal smile.
Toonge be her faults, yet, Madam, you will save
The Criminal your Royal Lord forgive ;
And that indulgence he will much prefer
To all th' applauses of the Theater.
A common Audience gives but common praise,
Th' applause of Princes must conser the Boys.

* These two Lines were writ in answer to the calumny of some impotent and envious Scribblers, and some injurious Enemies of mine, who would have made the Town and Court believe, though I am sure they themselves did not, that I did not write the Play ; but at last it was found to be so frivolous a piece of malice, it left an impression upon few or none.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

Rains,
Bevil,
Woodly,

Men of Wit and Pleasure.

Clospare, A Country Justice, a publick spirited, politick, discontented
Fop, an immoderate Hater of London, and a Lover of the
Country above measure, a hearty true English Countryman,

Toby, Clospare's Man.

Kicks, Two cheating, sharking, cowardly Bullies.

Gulls, Bisket, Comfit-maker, a quiet, humble, civil Cuckold, governed
by his Wife, whom he very much fears and loves at the
same time, and is very proud of.

Fribble, A Haberdasher, a surly Cuckold, very conceited and proud
of his Wife, but pretends to govern and keep her under.

Two Country Fellows.

Foot-boy.

Mrs. Woodly, Woodly's Wife, Jilting, unquiet, troublesome, and very
Whorish.

Lacia, Carolina, Two young Ladies, of Wit, Beauty and Fortune.

Mrs. Bisket, An impudent, impious Scrumpt, Wife to Bisket.
Dorothy Fribble, Wife to Fribble, an humble, submitting Wife, who
jilts her Husband that way, a very Whore.

Mrs. Jilt, A silly, affected Whore, that pretends to be in love with
most Men, and thinks most Men in love with her, and is
always boasting of Love-Letters and Mens Favours, yet
a Pretender to Virtue.

Peg, Her Sister, Mrs. Woodly's Maid.

Person, Her Son, Confidante and Watch, and Fidler.

Epistol-

Epsom-Wells.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs Woodly, Bisket, Mrs. Bisket, Fribble and his Wife, Kick, Cuff, Dorothy and Margaret; so Toby and others, drinking at the Wells.

Bisk. **I**vow it is a pleasurable Morning; the Waters taft so finely after being fudled last Night. Neighbour Fribbles, here's a Pint to you.

Frib. I'll pledge you, Mr. Bisket, I have drunk eight already.

Mrs. Bisk. How do the Waters agree with your Ladyship?

Mrs. Wood. Oh severally; how many Caps are you arriv'd to?

Mrs. Bisk. Forty fix, and they pull so kindly —

Mrs. Wood. 'Tis a delicious Morning.

Cuff. Honest Kick, how is it? you were drunk last night; I was so, and was dammably beastly.

Kick. I was drunk, Ned Cuff, and was not beaten, but beat; I am come to walk away my Cross, but you'll scarce walk away your black Eye.

Mrs. Frib. I am glad to see your Ladyship this Morning, you look so fresh and fair; my service to you, Madam.

Kick. How the white Aprons scuttle, and leap, and dance yonder; some of 'em are dancing the Hey.

Kick. Many a London Strumpet comes to jump and walk down her unlawful Illus to prevent home, but more especially charras.

Cuff. Others come hither to procure Concupiscence.

Kick. Ay Pox, that's not from the Waters, but something else nameless.

Cuff. I have a great mind to run roaring in amongst 'em all.

Kick. Thou hadst as good fling thy self among the hydes in the Tower when they are flogging. They'll tear thee in pieces before they have a course as they are going from the Wells.

Cuff. Agreed: we seldom ask to miss of some man and body to supply our necessities this way.

Frib. Is your Ladyship's Coach here?

Mrs. Wood. It goes before, I'll follow it on foot, the pleasure of the walk.

Mrs. Bisk. Madam, good Morrow, have your Ladyships Waters paid well.

Mrs. Wood. Yes wonderfully, I'll be going.

Kick. Kick, and Mr. Cuff, good Morrow to you, we shall have a race in the Boxes between in the afternoon.

Kick. Kick to your side.

[Exit Mrs. Wood.]

Epsom-Wells.

Jack. I know it, and I'll lay all I am worth on't.

Kirk. I hope he will, Cap; that we may ruin him.

Frib. And I am on my Neighbour Baker's side all I can say and rem.

Cap. Let's be sure to beat all we can. I have known a great bowler, whose

Bettors place was worth above 200 l. a year, without requiring a hunting for himself.

Kirk. They begin to go homewards, let's be gone.

Enter Rains and Berril.

Ber. Jack, how is this Morning? we are late, the Company is going from the Wells; how does thy last night's work agree with thee?

Rain. Whether that agrees with me or no, I am reliev'd to agree with that; for no distemper can trouble me that comes from in general company with Jolly Bawdry, and good Company.

Ber. Thou art i' the right, we should no more be troubled at the Favers we get in drinking, than the Honourable wounds we receive in battle.

Rain. 'Tis true, the first are the effects of our pleasure, and the last of our honour; but to us two friends also friendly meetings and Mirth are pleasure.

Ber. Let your duff-potencies sober us with cold water, and Mirth on the way, and bring Good. Drop a drop of Wine, and Damerell a drop of Water.

Rain. Let 'em live and prosper on; and we live more in a Week, than most men do in a year; Fools do in a day.

Ber. We like little Coventry's extract and such our pleasure; while they like Fullom Galenists take it in gross.

Rain. I confess, a disorder got by Wine in Scurvy Company, would kill him a Man as much as a Cap got of a blow; but there goes some Women so beautiful, that the pleasure would overbear and balance the disorder.

Ber. And as your honest Whore-makings are half of his cure, only to be sent again; so do we take Pillis and the Waters to provide and for sustenance.

Rain. For my part, I hate to have up a great load of health, and then no Good, and make no use on't: I am reliev'd to have a drop of Wine, and then to let it s'well go; and if I run myself out, I'll be a good man, and then I'll be a good man when I have it.

Ber. But Jack, there are duties to our life, as well as to neighbours, which the Dame, Gravie, and Wife say, is lighting our Candle at both ends.

Rain. Let 'em be lights at both ends. Is it not better to let Life go out in a blaze than a snuff?

Ber. If e'er thou art assured Fellow, and not to be moved by the honest Fops of this World.

Rain. I will assure thee, I have Fellow in such persons; but I will assure thee art over a Bottile. Now, see where's my money this morning? I warrant he was drunk last night, and has had a tedious Lecture from his fine Master's wife, who imperiously tells him, as the first, because she is a Dame.

Ber. He's an honest Fellow, and deserves a handfull of money; for my truth, he's a damn'd Wife.

Rain. Are not thou a Villain to such old Cuckolds? I have heard of them.

Ber. I have heard of them, and I have seen them.

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Ber. I have heard of them,

Ram. God it's impossible to be a man of honour in these Cities. But my injurie with her began before my friendship with him, and so I made a Friend of my Cockayne, and was a Custold of my Friend.

Ram. An admirable School-diffusion.

Enter Woody.

Wood. Rain and Brue, good Morrow to you.

Ram. O Frank Woody, where wer't thou last night? you scap'd a bloody night out.

Wood. Faith Rain there is no scaping, a Coward may be kill'd as well as a brave Man; I ran away from you but to little purpose. See how my hand shakes this Morning.

Ram. O let me kiss that hand; he must be an illustrious Man whose hand shakes at All.

Wood. You are pleas'd to say so, but faith I take pains and live as fast as I can, that's the trich on't.

Ram. Thou art in the right, and a Pax on them that live slowly, lazily, and soberly. I love riding Post in a Journey, I have a damn'd dull Carriers pace.

Wood. But I was in damn'd Company with that publick Spirited Fool, and Country Jollie, Mr. Clap-pate, and was as bad.

Ram. There are often seduc'd by Fools, Frank; have a care of 'em I say, have a care of 'em.

Ram. He Comfis you well; for conversation is to the mind, as the air we live in is to the body; in the good we by degrees flock in health, and in the ill Distress. Wit is improv'd in good Company; but there is a Contagion in Polly, that infects infinites into one that often conver(ts) with Fools, let his constitution of mind be never so good.

Bru. But Clap-pate is a Clownish-Country Fool. The Murrain amogg Cattle is not infectious to men, nor can his blunt folly ever infest it self into an honest debanche.

Enter Clap-pate, and Toby.

Ram. Here he comes, let's observe him a little.

Clap. Did you call upon my Cozen Spender-Brain for that interest money due to me this Midsummer?

Toby. I have, Sir, every day since he came to En-som, and yesterday he said upon his Honour he would pay me, and went immediately to London.

Clap. Honour, a Pax on his Honour, I'll sooner trust the honour of a Country Horse-Courier, than one of the Publicans and Sinners of that odious Town. They never pay so much as a Taylors-Bill till it comes to Execution: But I'll have Spender-Brain by the back the next Term, though he be my Sisters Son. But how does my dapple Mare?

Toby. She's much discontented to hear her Neighbours whiney over their Oats and Beans, while she is fain to mortify with a poor lock of Hay.

Clap. You Rogue, you woud have her as fat, and as foggy, as my Landlady the Hobbin. I spen't what I spend amongst my Neighbours in Su-ss-x, but I'd not have a Horse so near that damn'd Town of London get a farthing by me.

Wood. Besides some full Encounters upon a Country Life, and discourse of

Epsom-Wells.

his Envoy the Nation with his Magistracy, popularity, and Black-browns; you see the best and worst of him.

Rev. But is his hatred to London to invent some he is ignorant?

Wood. Six times more. Since 'twas town he call'd burning out Sodom; he is such a Villain, he fwears the Frenchman that was hang'd for burning on't was a Martyn; he was fo-gild at the burning of N. that ever since he has kept the second of September a Festival; he thinks a Whoremonger to himself, George found the names within the scaffold, he is shock'd at the very name on't.

Rev. I have heard that the reasons of his hatred, are, because he has been beaten, chapt, and thrust out there.

Rains. Pay on him, he has found us, and there's no evading him.

Clayp. O Mr. Woodly, how is it? You drink no Waters; but have you had your other Mornings draught yet?

Wood. Yes, I never leave off my Evenings draught till it becomes my Mornings draught.

Clayp. Mr. Rains and Brazil, gad save ye, how de'e like the Country? It's not worth a hundred of old Sodom yester' good Hustle, good Dogs, good Ale, hub——

Rains. Good Wine, good Wit, and fine Women, may I take it, compare with them.

Clayp. I find you'll never leave that place of sin and scoundrel, give me think for all that, that breads no Gout, a wholesome plaid Wench, that will neither bring my body to the Surgeon's hands, nor my Land to the Scrivener: and for Wit, there's such a stir amongst you, who has it, and who has it not, that we honest Country Gentlemen begin to think there's no such thing, and have heavy Mirth and good old Catches amongst us, that do the business every where well.

Latin. He's in the right.

Clayp. but Mr. Woodly, how do you like my Dapple Mare?

Wood. Not comparable to a Hackney Coach.

Clayp. But she shall run with ev'r a Hackney Coach in England for all that, or ev'r a Horse in your stable, weight him and inch him.

Wood. I would not keep a running Horse, though a running Horse would kill me.

Rev. We are for London to morrow, shall we have your Company?

Clayp. 'Ud's bud, I go to London! I am almost sick at Epsom, when the wind fits to bring any of the Smock this way, and by my good will would not talk with a Man that comes from thence till he hath al'd himself a day or two.

Wood. Why, there's no Plague.

Clayp. There's Pride, Popery, Folly, Lust, Prodigallity, Cheating Knaves, and Jilting Whores; Wine of half a Crown a Quart, and Ale of twelve pence, and what not.

Rains. This is a terrible Regnem you have mifled'd; but neither the Priests nor the Women will ravish you; nor are you for'e'd to take the Wine, as the Bisketare their Salt, there are twelve-penny Ordinaries.

Clayp. Ay, and Cards and false Dice, and Quarrels betwix' and reform'd Officers to borrow a Crown; and beat a man that refuses it, and for't again besides, I'll sum you up the beastly pleasures of the bill of Jr.

Wood.

Wm. What art thou?

Clod. Why, I'm as drunk till three Clock in the Morning, rise at twelve, follow down't *Fremantons*, get dress'd to go to a damn'd Play, chock your selves afterwards with cuff in Hide-park, or with Sea-coal in the Town, flatter and fawn in the Drawing-room, keep your Wench, and turn away your Wife, God-looks.

Bev. The Rogue is a tart and witty Whorson.

Clod. I was at *Sodom* at eighteen, I thank 'em, but now I serve my Country, and spend upon my Tenants what I get amongst them.

Rains. And so, indeed, are no better than their Sponge, which they moisten only to squeeze again. But what important Service do you do your Country?

Clod. 'Bud, I ——why, I am Justice of *Quarrel* in *Suffex*, and this County too, and I make the Surveyors mend the High-ways; I cause Rogues to be whipt for breaking Fences or pulling Trees, especially if they be my own; I swear Constables, and the like.

Bev. But is this all?

Clod. No; I call Over-seers for the Poor to an account; sign Rates; am a Game-keeper, and take away Guns and Grey-hounds; bind Yellows to the peace; observe my monthly Meeting; I am now and then an Arbitrator, and license Ale-houses, and make People bury in Flannel, to encourage the Woollen Manufacture, which never a Justice of Peace in *England* does but I.

Wm. Look you, what would you have?

Clod. Besides, I am drunk once a week at my Lord Lieutenant's, and at my own house spend not scurvy *French* Kick-shaws, but much Ale, and Beef, and Mutton, the Manufactures of the Country.

Bev. The Manufactures of the Country, that's well.

Rains. Ay, and, I warrant, by the virtue of that, can bring us many wide-mouth'd Rogues to bawl and holloa for a Knight of the thine as any Man.

Clod. Ay, gods-looks eas I.

Rains. That men should be such infinite Coxcombs to live scurvily to get reputation among thick-skull'd Peasants, and be at as great a distance with men of wit and sense, as if they were another sort of Animals.

Bev. 'Tis fit such Fools should govern and do the drudgery of the World, while resumable Men enjoy it.

Clod. Mr. *Woolly*, I'll go now and wait upon your Cousin *Lacia*, and if I can get her to marry me, and fill up my pack of Dogs, my two great works are over in this world. God-b'-w'-y', Gentlemen. Huds-hud, I had forgot, I have the rarest kind of Ale to drink out in the Afternoon, with three or four honest Country-folks; you shall be very welcom to it Mack, and we'll duff it away.

Bev. We thank you, Sir.

Clod. I am now in haste to read a Gazette, this is the day, I am impatient till I see it —— Oh, I love Gazettes extremely, and they are the only things I can endure —— from *London*. They are such pretty penn'd things, and I do to low'ry —— *Whimsey*, *Poxey*, *General Wrangle*, and *Courtier*, and all those *newspapers* —— Gad-live ye.

[Exit.]

Six Women cross the Stage in great haste.

Epsom-Wells.

Rain. Look how the Women begin to trip it from the Wells ; I see none of 'em well dress'd in Masks ; Oh that admirable Invention of Vizor-Masks for us poor Lovers ; Vizors are so provocative, the Devil take me I cannot forbear 'em.

Bev. Thou art such a Termagant Fellow, thou art a scum at a Woman in a Vizor-Mask, as thou wouldst be if she show'd all.
[Exe Rain.
'Faith I'll not be behid hand with ye.—

Enter Mrs. Woody, and puts Bevil by the Sirene.

How now, what am I boarded first ?

Oh Mrs. Woody, is it you ?

Mrs. Wood. I dare not stay a minute, read that Note, adieu. [Exit.

Bev. Short and sweet, let me see.—
Reads. 'My Husband staid up late, and was very Drunk last night, and I have had a happy quarrel with him this morning, that has driven him from home, where I shall have the happiness next to see him till night, so that I safely may enjoy your fair society most part of this day.' Yours Woody.

Well the Sun's so sweet, and the Temptation so strong, I have no power to resist it. [Ex. Bevil.

Enter Caroline and Lucia, and Postman.

Care. Let the Coach walk up the Hill, we'll follow it.

Fox. It shall, Madam.

Care. But as I was saying, Lucia, here's very fruwy Company.

Luc. We have no body near us here, but some impudent ill-bred City-wives, where they have more trading with the Youth of the Suburbs, than their Husbands with their Custoulers within the walls.

Care. Sometimes we have their tame Husbands, who gallop hither upon their Tits, to see their faithful Wives play a game at Ninepins, and be drunk with Shun'd Wine, and then are gone to their several and respective cozening Vocations. Therefore, prithee, let's go to Tunbridge, for London is so empty, 'tis a very Wilderness this Vacation.

Luc. No, 'faith, Caroline, I have a project in my head, shall stay me here a little longer, and thee too.—

Care. What, you hanker after an acquaintance with Rain and Bevil ? thou art a mad Wench, but they are so very wild.

Luc. An they be naturally wilder than I, or you either for all your impering, I'll be condemn'd to Fools and ill Company for ever.

Care. Do not wish that dreadful Curie ; we are already so much pester'd with gay Fools, that have no more sense than our shock-dogs, that I long for an acquaintance with witty Men as well as thou doest. But how can we bring it about without scandal ?

Luc. Let this Brain of mine alone for that. I blith for my Sex, to see the Ladies of London (as if they had forsworn common sense) make hounds young Foxes their greatest Favourites.

Care. 'Tis a shame that a company of young, well-faced Fops, that have no sense beyond Perniques and Pantaloons, should be the only men with the Ladies, whilst the acquaintance of witty Men is thought scandalous.

[Exe.

Luc. For my part, I am resolv'd to redeem the honour of our Sex, and have Wit, and never think you a fine Gentleman.

Enter Cuff and Kick.

What Ruffians are there that come to intercept us in our great design?

Kick. Ah, Ladies, have we catch'd ya'll faith; you shall go along with us.

Care. What pitiful Fellows are these?

Cuff. Pitiful Fellows, God have a care what you say, we do not use to put up such words, either from Man or Woman.

Luc. What would you do you downy Hectors?

Kick. Hectors? upon my honour, if we can find them out, we'll beat your Gallants for this.

Care. If I had a Gallant that kept a Footman, that would not beat either of you, I'd disown the Master for the cowardice of the Man.

Cuff. S'dear, I could find in my heart to draw upon her.

Kick. Would you had two of the bravest Fellows in Christendom to defend ye, you shou'd see how we'd swinge 'em.

Luc. Assure, you Hostess, we are not fit for you. I am sure, neither of you yet were ever honoured with a favour from a Chamber-maid.

Care. Your acquaintance never rises higher than a Landlady or an Hostess.

Cuff. Be not perverse and foulish, we are persons of quality, and have money.

Look ye, let this tempe you.

Kick. Come hither, we'll pay you well upon my honour.

Care. Upon my honour you shall be well paid with a couple of sufficient beatings, if you leave us not.

Cuff. Hiltz and bladen, Men of honour beaten, ye proud Flirts.

Enter Rains and Revil following some Women who run across the Stage.

Luc. Gentlemen, ye look like men of quality, I pray own me to be of your acquaintance, and protect us from a couple of troublesome Ruffians.

Rains. Own thee! that I will faith in any ground in Christendom, and I hope thou wilt be of my acquaintance before we part. I embrace the adventure as greedily as a Knight errand could.

Care. This is the Dame that I'll defend.

Rains. Gentlemen, have you any busines with these Ladies?

Kick. Why, Sir, what if we have?

Cuff. May be we have not, Sir, may be we have.

Rev. Nay, Gentlemen, no buffog, know you're men and vanish.

Rains. You may else, unawares, pull down a beating upon your own heads.

Kick. Beating, Sir.

Cuff. We are Gentlemen of quality, never tell us of this, and that, I gad —

Rains. Do not provoke us, but be gone.

Kick. Well, Sir, fare yo well, who cares? I care no more for 'em.

Cuff. No, nor I neither. What a Pox care I, tell me — fare ye well. But who the Devil thought they wou'd have come hither?

Kick. Pox on 'em for me.

Luc. *safely.* There are our Gallants — Gentlemen, let's see how you will swinge 'em.

Luc. Please, praye tell me wherein talk we now? In love? — *Rain.* True, Madam, and Carl singeth,

Luc. This is lucky, Caroline, for our design. Gentlemen, you have oblig'd us extremly.

Rain. We are like Knights Errants, or Knights of the Bath, bound to relieve Ladies by our Order.

Rev. But if we have oblig'd you, pray let us see whence we have had the honour of obliging.

Caro. Generous men should be content with the Action, without knowing whom they have oblig'd. But let it suffice you, we are Women of no small quality.

Luc. This desire of knowing us, looks as if ye expected a reward; the seeing of our faces would be none, and upon my word, Gentleman, we can go no further if we would do that.

Caro. Besides, you may think us haughty now, and if we shew our faces, we shall convince you to the contrary, and make you repent the obligation.

Rev. I like thy shape and humour so well, that god if thou'lt satisfie my Curiosity, I'll not repents; though you want this great ornament of a face, called a Nose.

Rain. I am fore mine's haughty; I have an instinct that never fails me.

Luc. Your infallible instinct has good'd wrong now.

Rev. Come, Ladies, faith off with these Clouds and shine upon us.

Rain. We can never leave you till we see your Faces; and if ye don't shew 'em us we shall think you desire to keep us with ye.

Luc. Nay, rather than have that scandal upon us, we'll shew 'em.

Caro. With all my heart, but upon such terms, you shall promise, upon your honour, not to dog us, or inquire further after us at this time.

Luc. You hear the condition.

Rev. The conditions are very hard — but I promise —

Rain. Come, Ladies, I find you are haughty, and think your selves so; or you would not be afraid of our dogging you, when we have seen you.

Luc. No seeing our Faces but upon their terms.

Rain. You are cruel Tygers — but since there's no remedy, I promise —

Luc. Look here, Sir, do you like it now?

Caro. You'll believe its another name.

Rev. By Heaven, a Divine Creature!

Rain. Beyond all comparison! where have I liv'd?

Rev. God mine has bin'd me. Since they were so much too hard for us at Bindon, we were foying to go to heros with them.

Rain. I will never believe a Ladies word of her self again.

Luc. Come you haughty.

Rain. To shew that I don't, I cannot help making my honour yield to my love; and must beg the favour of you to know who you are; and that I may wait on you home.

Rev. And, Madam, had I sworn by your self, I must have been perjur'd, the Temptation is so powerful.

Caro. Have you seen so much Love and Honour upon the Stage, and are so little Judges of it here?

Luc.

*...In truth, if you're Men of Honor, you'll keep your word; for we
are all bound by it.*

...and some of feeling you beneficent?

At 1990, the new Takara model

Rain, I give up hopes of ever more seeing you—— and I'll trust you, and let you carry my heart away with you.

The You shall be far from us; and suddenly.

What's Upon Your Plate?

The Management Department

CCC-Audience

For, friend then : but let me tell you, 'tis very cruel.

Cat. Why didn't I stay 'em so soon? I could have staid longer, with all my heart!

"It's enough at first — let me alone hereafter." [Ex. Lucy and Goro.]

Note: This was a lucky Adventure, and so much the more lucky, that I lighted upon the Lady I have left, though they are both beautiful.

...gated upon the Lady Mary's going, though
you had been gone with her in that too.

Fritz Woodly.

Here's Woody; the intrigue is not ripe for his knowledge yet. Where have you been, French?

Wood. I have had two damn'd unlucky Adventures. The first: Vizor-Mak I quafid after; I had followid her a Furlong, and importunid her to show her Face; when I thought I had got a Prize beyond my Hopes, prov'd an old Lady of three score with a wrinkld, pimpl'd Face, but one Eye, and no Teeth; but which was ten times a worse Disappointment, the next that I follow'd prov'd a drab, poor Wife.

Rains. This was for your good, Frank; Heaven designs to keep you very

Wood. But I like not Virtue that springs from necessity. Mine is so noble, I'd have it set off.

Rains. Well, Gentlemen, where shall we make the latter part of the Day? for I must spend this former part out with a convenient sort of Utensil, call'd a Divan-table.

...I am so diverted at that design, and carry you to my Cousin, whom you never saw, the prettiest Girl in Christendom, she has seen you, & loves you extremely.

Ruth. Prethee, *Weedy*, what shoud I do with her? I like thee and thy Family too well to talk with her, and my self too well to leave her; and I think a Mah has no excuse for himself that visits a Woman without design of lying with her one way or other.

*Wood. Why, Jack, eight thousand pound
teen score and three hundred weight. Wench of eleven*

Rains. But here's eight thousand pound, there's liberty, France. Would you be content to lie in *Laden* all your life time for eight thousand pound?

— No, certainly.

Rev. Marriage is the world of Prisons.
Rev. But by your leave, Anna, though Marriage be a Prison, yet you may

make the Rules as large as those of the King's-Bench, that extend to the Exchequer.

Rais. Oh hang it. No more of that Ecclesiastical Mouth-Tying.

Wood. Prether, speak more reverently of the happy Conditions of Life.

Rais. A married man is not to be believ'd. You are like the Fox in the Fable that had lost his Tail, and would have persuad'd all others to lose theirs; you are one of the Parsons Decoy-Ducks, to wheedle poor innocent Fowls into the Net.

Wood. Why shou'dst thou think so ill of my Wife to think I am not in earnest?

Rais. No application, Franck; I think thy Wife as good a Woman as a Wife can be.

Wood. She loves me extremely, is tolerable handsum, and, I am sure, vertuous.

Rais. That thou know'lt, *No. Wood.*

Wood. 'Tis true, she values her self a little too much upon her Virtue, which makes her sometimes a little troublesome and impudent.

Rais. I never knew a Woman that pretended over-much to Virtue, that either had it, or was not troublesome and impudent.

Enter Bisket.

Rais. Mr. Bisket, good morrow to you.

Bisk. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Bisk. This is *Rais.* his most obsequious humble Cuckold, his Wife is a pretty impudent Scamp, and scorns to have any other Pimp but her own Husband, who all the while thinks her the innocentest Creature.

Wood. A glorious Punk! But what a despicable thing a Cuckold is; they look as if they had the mark of Cain upon 'em. I would see her Cuckold for the World.

Bisk. How blind a thing a Husband is!

Wood. Now, as I am an honest Man, and I would I might ne'er stir, if I have not had such a life about you with my pretty *Milly*, I would not have her so angry again for fifty pound. God-forgive.

Rais. About me, what's the matter, Man?

Bisk. Why I promis'd to bring you to her last night, and got a little tipsy'd, as they say, and forgot it. She says you play the hell at Cribach of any body, and she loves Gaming mightily, and is so true a Gamelster, though I say it.

Rais. I know it, well.

Bisk. Besides, she would fain learn that new Song of yours; the says it is a rare tune.

Sings. Thou shalt have any thing, thou shalt have me,

And I know nothing that will please me.

'Tis such a pretty little innocent Rogue, and has such odd Fancies with her, ha, ha, ha —

Wood. Lord, what a strange Creature a Cuckold is!

Bisk. But I swear, all that I could do to her could not please her this Morning; lackings no body can satisfy her but you; therefore as you tender the quiet and welfare of a poor humble Husband, come and play at Cribach with her to day; for she loves Cribach most intemperately. I do wonder that a Woman should love Gaming so.

Rais.

Q. What is the secret of life? - Answer: a happy and
D. How can we live a happy life? - Answer: find them big, wide,
Q. Who are the people who really live a happy life?
D. The people who are not afraid of life, not timid, dull being. See them

had added much to protection to the
people in the more block-haulied Sims
area.

Col. you will be in town
I have no time to go out & you had need ask my leave first.
I have no time to go out & I really expect to preserve your Health in
P.S. I am sending you a box of the dinner service Town.

...and, though you may have a home in the city, you will still be a jewel. But can you prefer an idle, Speculator, your wife a harmless, innocent, half-witly-life in the County, to a husband who is a real New-Englander.

Get the Best *Get the Best* **Get the Best**

County's new program. School

...the reflex of typical Drosophila behaviour associated with

...and I shall call all my Countrymen to witness, that I have done my best to serve my Country.

... I am sending you a copy of the "Good Condition" Report, which
shows your Condition as I found it. I do not know if you will like
it or not, but I think it is a good idea to have a record of your
condition at this time.

Epsom-Titan

had honoured me with; know then my Friend, C. of M., that I am no
Lover, and most infatuated with the Lover of the Cross; and that I
would, like bud, infatuated & puffed up by the sun, burst forth & show
you, you know my meaning, that I have no will but the will
not with patience bear of returning to London, the capital, nothing but this
obscene, wicked, filthy, Popish place.

Glady, shall I bow & this? I did not think you would change Captain [unclear]

—See often this, the last sentence of George's. The old man wanted pounds a year, than a Man of war, or a Duke, and more, than a Duke at Court.

Chewy. She's an ingenious Woman, Chewy-foots. [Afids.]

I had rather marry her naked skin you with all your Puritan... Madam.
But a pox on 't, I had damn'd ill luck to make my application to your furl, - the
Devil would have it.

Lue. This is a very Country Countries—
Here the country Jeth withdraws, I will tell you much, and we'll talk about
this business.

Clear, One Servant, Madam. *12m (Circular) and Labels*

Tony Carolina and Wood

Wood: How can you profit from a market that's been so flat?

Care. As what? **Wood.** As that we should love the works of God, and all creatures he has made.

Constitution, 1848
of Central America
Tribute due to Veracruz.

1774. I am to send them to you by express, and you will receive them in time to go with you to Boston.

Our new 1990 cars look like wild animals running wild.

W. V. Smith, however, the wireless
Sport, has his Miss in the Father's
Chamber—while the Comedy Gentleman, the author, D. W. Griffith,
wants to get him into trouble for his fortune—so it is evident—Sister—that you can't
help; so the marriage is the little comedy of the day. The author
out, who is a man of substance.

Great Stories from Old Testament and New Testament

We can't afford to wait. We've got to end this war, now and fast—but there's more to do.

Constitutive may be placed upon the figure, as will be done.

DO YOU WANT TO ZOO GROW? No, never. As long as you play for nothing but what you never bought.

and, upon my honor, you do not know me after

10. The following table shows the number of hours worked by 1000 workers in a certain industry.

1. **What is the best way to learn?**
2. **What skills do we need to succeed?**
3. **What does success look like?**
4. **How can we measure our progress?**

What is the point of this exercise? To help you to understand the nature of
decisions & choices. To help you to understand the
process of decision making.

10. *Leucosia* sp. (Diptera: Syrphidae) was collected from the same area as the *Chrysanthemum* sp. plants.

10. *Leucosia* *leucostoma* (Fabricius) (Fig. 10)

THIS IS A LOW-PRICE EDITION OF THE CLASSIC PAPERBACK THAT HAS BEEN SOLD MILLIONS OF TIMES.

Chlorophyll a fluorescence
in the upper ocean

37 *W. H. G.* *1900*

**Top 100
Golf Courses**

Claire: I know it's world-difficult, but I know your heart's down, and I'm here to help you. I think Poppy's been good, WBB, meeting the worshipful Fop.

and pounds ~~one~~, then one in ~~Double~~ of five thousand pounds; say, then a
Crown ~~one~~ — Immigrated, Medium, ~~one~~ granted.

Can't you be spared by your business by me.
Cleop. There are some from Room 201 who offer good offers; but there are others
from outside. —
John Maryland.

Long before Mr. Gladstone's time, the first purpose of life, Mr. Gladstone.

*Cards. Since you ask me, I'll tell you my secret; for — methinks
I like you better than any woman I ever saw; I would not marry Mrs. Lovell if
she were the last woman in the world; but I have a secret that would live at London,
and I don't care who knew it; but I'll show you the
secret — when you're ripe.*

Carey, William (1862-1932).
Candyman. New York: published by the Author. Uncle Tom's cabin. 1897.

“Coyotes are the most dangerous animals in the country, and I used to think me much better than them, but there’s a Fox Dog, or a Squirrel; but there’s nothing like a Coyote, and I’m not afraid of him.”

It's a wise man
who is off-times as good
as he is by heart.

...and have years, your Service.

10. The following table shows the number of hours worked by 1000 workers in a certain industry.

SCOTT: Sir, I am sorry to trouble you at this time, but now I must beg you

...you they are men of boldic
...and you are men of boldic
...[Ez, Luc and Cor]

[Ex. C. 100]

...will you not go to the Drawing-room?

Can you afford to let your experience go to waste? **Ex-Workers**

...and the last time you are flattered you are flattered again.

STONER All this you did, and now your Duty, and you are **Roughly** **Wife**.

"I think not my time is n'ev'rable, Disney. I went for thy gold, p'r
not go to end to day, thou'lt kill thyself with drinking, and thy Dutch will
surely kill me."

—*Education is important, Philip, but time is*

四

Epitome of Vol. VI.

Dor. You are thousandly mistaken, if you think I desire your Company. But I am sure this is the way to be rid of me.

Frib. I am to meet Mr. Bisket and some Clerical Neighbours, to Blow my Whistle like the Laws of the Mauds and Parsons.

Dor. I cannot hide my Love and Fears from thee; prither, Dearest, kiss me.

Frib. Hay again, Peace; I shall be much offended.

Dor. Thou art a naughty Man, and always abroad, while I am longgish for thee, and I have thee but two days in a week at 2/-ps.

Frib. Know your Lord and Master, and be subject to me. I am now I thought but a Husband will be as absolute a Monarch over you, as the great Turk over his Sultan Queen.

Dor. Well, I can but suffer and weep for thy absence.

Frib. Can't you keep Company with Mrs. Bisket A.

Dor. What thou say'st, my Dear, So you'll run and not hinder me from keeping Company.

Frib. Well, I have the said Virtuous and well Govern'd Wife in all the Ward; but am not I a Matchline, and never had a better?

Dor. I am an unfortunate Woman, to be thy Company.

Mrs. Bisket. What, in Town? And wherefore? I am sure it is not for me on thee, thou art a master to all Husbandmen. I am sure it is not for me to command thy own Wife; wou'dst thou use thy own Wife so? I am sure it is not for them.

Frib. I am my own Master, and will be here.

Mrs. Bisket. Another is a good husband, and another is a bad; but there are better husbands.

Frib. Dorothy, Listen not to old Mrs. Vixen, she is bound to a fowling-pie, following Cockold, if you fancies he likes her. I mean Dorothy, you such a terrible Example! Mrs. Bisket, you are unmerciful, and a bad wife, and a bad mother, and a bad swinge you bairn.

Mrs. Bisket. Swinge me, say you, I could teach the English King to do worse. If you will not believe me, I'll show you what the Courage of a Woman is.

Dor. Nay, good Mrs. Bisket, Mrs. Trifles, Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs.

Mrs. Bisket. Swinge me —

Frib. This Woman is an outrageous as a Mith-Bear that wants her crew still.

Mrs. Bisket. Come, Neighbour, you are a master to all Wives, so be it. foolish & pluck up a Spirit, and order him on to my house.

Dor. This is the only way to order a fuly Husband.

Mrs. Bisket. I am ashamed of you, you betray our cause; submit to a Husband; I'd min see that Husband that I'd crouch to. I say again, pluck up a Spirit, I keeps that hand of Discipline over mine.

Enter Bisket.

Here he comes, you shall see how I unders him, gain me a chair, I beseech you.

Bisket. How now, my pretty Dear, poor Duck.

Mrs. Bisk. Duck, you Widgeon; how came you and I so familiar? observe me now. [Aside.]

Bisk. Well, Mrs. Fribble, 'tis such a pretty Rogue, and has such pleasant Fancies with her, ha, ha, ha. I protest and vow, I could kill the very ground she goes on. If she would eat Gold, nay, Pearls and Diamonds, she should have them, I vow and swear.

Mrs. Bisk. You Beast, you had best be drunk agen, faith I'll order you, I'll keep you in better awe, you shall neither have Candle nor Custard for't this week.

Bisk. Nay, good Dear, be not so cruel, I protest and vow I could not help it: my Neighbour Fribble is a very merry man, I could not forbear, we were at 'Tory Rory, and sung old Rose, the Song that you love so, Duck.

These fruits have any thing, these fruits have not, &c.

Mrs. Bisk. Ay, Mr. Fribble maintains his Wife like a Lady, and she has all things about her as well as any Woman in the Parish, he keeps her the prettiest pacing Neg with the finest Side Golden of any Woman in the Ward, and lets her take her pleasure at Epsom two months together.

Dore. Ay, that's because the Air's good to make one fit with Child; and he longs mightily for a Child; and truly, Neighbour, I use all the means I can, since he is so desirous of one.

Bisk. All this thou shalt do, my Dear; I'll omit nothing that shall please thee.

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, you Nicompoop, you are a pretty Fellow to please a Woman indeed.

Bisk. But prethee, my Dear, let me go to the Bowling-green to my Neighbours: would I might ne'er stir, if I drink above a Pint of Wine, or a Quart of Mum for my share at most.

Mrs. Bisk. You impudent Pussy, I wonder you have the impudence to ask me such a question. [She gives him a slap on the face.]

Bisk. Mrs. Fribble, my pretty Abby has some humours, but this is the worst you'll see of her.

Dore. How rarely she orders a Husband; I vow I think I must pluck up a spirit as she does, that's the truth on't.

Mrs. Bisk. Where's Mr. Rains, you Loipoop? Do you think you shall go, and he not here?

Bisk. O Duck, he'll be here presently, and sent thee a kiss by me.

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, I warrant he'd kiss such a fellow as thee.

Bisk. I vow he did; prethee take it of me, my Dear.

Mrs. Bisk. I'll swear he's a fine person. Well, because it comes from him, I'll take it; he's the completest Man, and so courteous and well-behav'd.

Bisk. Now thou'st let me go, you drivel drivel you say. [Aside.]

Mrs. Bisk. No, not till he comes. [Aside.]

Bisk. No, good Dear.

Epsom-Wells.

25

Mrs. R. I tell you, you shall not ; get you in.

Dick. Pray, Duck, now.

Doris. I never saw any thing so ridiculous as this Distress of Mrs. — I am resolved to try my Pribble, that's come.

Mit. Why, look here he is now already.

Enter Rain.

Doris. Oh no ! Is he acquainted with her ?

Mrs. A. J. Does he know her ?

Bug. Will steal away and lay nothing.

Mrs. Bug. Come, Mr. Rain, let's in. Mrs. Pribble, your Servant.

Doris. Madam, I'll wait on you in ; Mr. Rain will not think my Company troublesome.

Mr. Bug. Ah, there we are ! We shall entertain you better. Mr. Rain is pleased to come and play at Cribbage with me, 'twill be no sport to look on.

Doris. I'll make one at Check, that's better than any two-handed Game.

Mrs. Bug. I do not think so, by your leave, Madam. Pribble, Oh impertinence !

Doris. Well then, I'll be content to be a shoveller on the more. She would fain have him to her self, but I'll look to her for that.

[*Enter Rain, Dorothy, Mrs. Blister.*]

Enter Mrs. Woolly in a Dining-room.

Mrs. Wool. Mr. Bend says mighty long, pray Heaven he be not diverted by some pastry Citizen's Wife, here are such a Company of them that lie upon the snap for young Gentlemen, as Rooks and Nobles do for their Husband when they come to Town.

Enter Devil.

Brv. Madam, your Servant.

Mrs. Wool. O Mr. Devil, are you come ? I now, I was afraid I had lost you. A Woman that's apt to be jealous as I am, should not make such a person the object of her affections.

Brv. Words are the common payment of those that intend no other. There is no such sign of having been long suffering, as failing to wish a good-mornish.

Mrs. Wool. I am so afraid you should be seduc'd by some of these naughty Women at Epsom. A shame take 'em, I hate a lewd Woman with my heart. I now, I do now.

Brv. Madam, I have a very pressing affair that requires some speedy conference with you in your Bed-Chamber.

Mrs. Wool. No, no, wo—— I wonder you have the confidence to ask me, when you were to ride to me there last time.

Brv. Who don't know what the calls rude. I am sure I oblig'd her as often as I could there.

Mrs. Wool. One can't be private with you, but you are to me most precious. I can scarce forgive you ; I wonder who learnt you such tricks for my part.

Brv.

Bess. If I ever go so backward, that you instruct me, I am not so ill-bred, but I know what I owe to a Lady. Come, Densel.

Mrs. Wood. Do not put me off now, I won't. You are the strangest Man that I ever met with, you won't let one alone; my, pish, fie, Mr. Brute, aren't you absurd?

Bess. Now where are, Densel, come in, come in.

Mrs. Wood. Nay, pish, he, he, he, he. Now, you make me blush; you young, you naughty man, you.

Bess. You'll make me overgrown; I shall force you, have a care.

Mrs. Wood. Well, I vow you are a parlous Man. Will you promise me then to sit still when you are there, and not stir hand or foot.

Bess. Ay, ay, come, come.

Mrs. Wood. Nay, but will you swear?

Bess. Yes, yes, come along, my Densel, she'll soon dispense with that Oath.

Mrs. Wood. Well, I am so abus'd, I vow, I would not go, but that you said you would force me, and swore too besides.

[As they are going into the Bed-Chamber, enter Peg.

Peg. Madam, here's my Master just coming in a doors. [Exit Peg, softly.

Mrs. Wood. Heaven! What shall I do?

Bess. I told him first private bussell, to get rid of him, and he'll discharge all.

Mrs. Wood. Go into the Bed-Chamber, I'll lock it.

Densel. How will you get rid of him?

Mrs. Wood. Let me alone, this is an unlucky surprise, in quickly.

Densel. If I should be locked up to keep till I fall Raine, and our fighting appointment, I shall get much honour, I take it. [Exit, going in.

Mrs. Wood. In, in.

O you unworthy Fellow, have you the impudence to appear before me after your beastly villainy!

Wood. I thank you sir, your fit might have been off by this time.

Mrs. Wood. No, in that never be off, thou inhumane Brute, to sit up nights late, and come home drunk and wake me, and lie like a Sot to me all the rest of the night. Hell and blood can't bear it, you make me cry my Eyes out, to see that you'll kill your self by your villainous debouchery.

Wood. What's that he said? Fie, la, la, la, la, la.

Mrs. Wood. Fie, la, la, la, la — Is that the notice you take of me? If I were not the best Woman in the World, and did not love thee, thou base Fellow, 'twould not trouble me. Oh that I should be so unfortunate, so bewitch'd, an love such a monster of a Man!

Wood. Yo, in, in, in, in, Oh, Impudence!

Mrs. Wood. I wonder what I should doe in this to love thee so, out on thee, for a villain. Oh, that I could withdraw my affection from thee, thou Brute! but I cannot for my life, 'tis that makes me miserable, thou barbarous wicked Wretch.

Wood. If no seek quiet abroad, when one can't have it at home, is a sin, Heaven help the wicked, but per'ou'd.

Mrs. Wood. Ay, now you ban and curse, you Wretch; this you get by keeping

Epsom-Wells.

W. W. My Company with Wim! If you will them, a Company of wicked Fellows, the Scum of the Nation, Fellows that have no Religion in 'em, that swear and drink, and swear, and never consider me that am disconsolate at home,

Mrs. W. Oh! the incomprehensible blessings of Matrimony !

Mrs. Wood. If I were so perfidious and false to take pleasure in a Gallant in the absence of my Husband; but I am too honest, too virtuous for the like ungrateful Wench ! *Wood.* If my Conscience would give me leave, I love you too well for that, you barbarous base Fellow.

Wood. A Pox on her troublesome Virtue, would Heaven the wretches were a Whore, I should know when what to do with her.

Mrs. Wood. Other Women can be happy, and have their Husbands carry 'em abroad and delight in their Company, and be proud to be seen with them; but I have such an inhumane ingrateful Creature to mine. *Wood.* Come, come, I confess I am behind hand with you, but I'll pay thee all thy arrears, I have a flock in bank.

Mrs. Wood. Heaven, what shall I do ?

Wood. Where's the Key, I'll break open the door.

Mrs. Wood. Let the Key alone, go get you gone, I am not despatched; but I'll trust you till night, I should leave open the door, and let all my things be lost, go get you gone, you naughty man, I love you too well to hold out long.

Wood. Well, now you're come to your self, and speak reason, and have left off railing, I'll go and encourage my self with eating and drinking well, and return and pay you the thousand sum with Interest.

Mrs. Wood. Are you gone ? Joy be with you, and more with me, Mr. upon the other, *Basil.*

Enter Basil.

Basil. Madam, is he gone ?

Mrs. Wood. Yes, now I hope we shall be safe from further interruption.

Basil. O Death, this accident has frightened me so, that I am afraid to venture, lest I should be taken Prisoner again, and disappoint the Queen.

Mrs. Wood. And you'll wait, come, Madam.

Enter Peg. Here's Mrs. *Wood* coming up to give you a Visit.

Peg. Madam, here's Mrs. *Wood* coming up to give you a Visit.

Mrs. Wood. Why did you not deny me, Hulwife, must that valt filly Wench come to trouble us at such a time too.

Peg. That is the true reports every man that she is in love with her, and wou'd marry her, and has been a Whore these seven years; I will take my leave, I see this is an unfortunate day.

Mrs. Wood. No, I'll get rid of her soon by some Trick or other.

Peg. Tis impossible, I'll wait on you an hour or two hence, but now I am engag'd upon my reputation, and must not break my engagement. Your Servant.

Mrs. Wood. In such haste there must be something more than ordinary, I long to know it. *Peg.*, go and bring Mr. *Basil* at a distance, till you have left him somewhere, and let me have an account of the reason of his hasty

Peg. I'll not fail.

Exit.
Enter

an equal or more exact say, is 3 of billions down to 1000 millions will still
Enter Raina in the Field.

Rain. I wonder Brv. stays so long, this Mr. Wmly has no mercy on him, there's some crois accident or other; for methinks after a year or two's Intrigue, he should not be so very Terribile a Fellow; If these Roguy Bullies should come; but methinks they are a little slow too. Oh, Brv., are you come?

Brv. I am not now fit to you Enter Bevilnd bed near now it's o' clock.

Brv. I beg your pardon, Jack, I have been lock'd up to save the Honour of a Lady, whose Husband came in most uncivilly without giving us warning enough of it.

Rain. Was that it? But the Rogues begin to think 'twill come to Battle, and their hearts misgiv 'em.

Brv. I was afraid of this. A Hoster durst no more fight than he honest, and yet 'tis strange they should make it their Trade when they are so little fit for't.

Rain. 'Tis so in all Mankind, they are molt violently bent upon the things they are least capable of, as if it were in spite of Nature.

Brv. 'Tis true, so I have observ'd while a man's got that's fit for Employment is restrained by his amours, so you see, that's the case, old Fool abhors himself forward into policy and busines.

Rain. Great dulness qualifies men for great busines; there's nothing but order and readin' it; your Mill-Horse is a Creature of great busines. The methodical Block-head that is as regular as a Clock, and as little knows why he is so, is the man cut out by Nature and Fortune for busines and government.

Enter Carolines and Lucia disguised.

Hold, here come two sprightly Girls, this may prove the softer and pleasanter amanuensis of the two.

Care. I see they are men of Honour, and will answer a Challenge.

Amo. Now see they abiding on blood, what a disappointment they'll have. Well, men that are so punctual in their anger, would sure be so in their joy.

Brv. Ladies, having the Honour to meet you in so solitary a place, we cannot but offer you our Services.

Lew. You lookas if you shd't dare to make Ladies stand and deliver.

Brv. I know my self au fait about such a business, and you will understand me Enter Peg.

Rain. If you should deliver your best Jewel, I'd be very honest and make but a little use on't for the present, and you should carry it away with you ne'er the worse.

Lew. I know the Law too well to compound a Felony. If you should take any thing of mine, you should then keep it as long as you live, but I'd prosecute you for't.

Peg. 'Tis enough, this is Mr. Brv.'s engagement, that's Caroline, and the other is Mrs. Lucia.

Care. Ye don't look as if you would make Love, but War, ye have long Swords, and your hair tuck'd up.

[Exit.

Brv.

Bry. If we were never so much inclin'd to War, you have power to force us into Peace.

Care. They are pleasure Wench's; if they are bad ones, we are undone.

Luc. Twice in a day catch'd with Vizor Mask's.

Care. What wild Fellow's hands are we fallen into? they amaz'd, you fear they know us not.

Luc. Oh, if witty men had but the confiancy of Fools, what Jewels were they?

Care. Ladies, pray, lay by your disguises, and let's converse upon the figure.

Care. You make all prize, Gentlemen; but I'll venture to show my face to you.

Sir. If you'll give me your word not to discover it to your Friend.

Rains. I do, Madam.

Luc. And you shall find me upon that condition.

Ann. Upon my Honour, I still hold disconveryon.

[They pull off their Masks.]

Rains. Ha, who's this? this is a Trick. [Affable] Madam, I confess you are most beautiful. I had the misfortune to lose a Heart this morning in your Company; but I think, Madam, you did not take it up, but my friend has took it up, and made you of it.

Luc. I cannot thank the goodness of my Friend, though I might; but the great temptation would excuse the crime.

Rains. This is the Lord of Love, and he comes to help us.

Bry. And, Madam, I must give you up.

Care. Who says they are no couple of consummate men?

Bry. Why, I warrant you this would not know you.

Luc. O yes, as *Falstaff* did the true Prince by Justice. You are brisk men, I see you run at all.

Rains. The wilder wench, the more honour you'll have in seeking us.

Bry. 'Tis in our own power to make us a couple of consummate Fellows as ye could wish.

Care. We have confiancy enough of all confidants, for the sake we shall have of it.

Luc. And for dulness, for our own sakes we do not wish it you, since I find ye are resolv'd to be acquainted with us, whether we will or no.

Care. Is it not pity that witty men should be so scandalous, that if we interwork with them, we must do it with the same privacy that Scandal men do teach.

Bry. If wit be a scandalous thing, you are the most scandalous Women I have met with him; but methinks, Fools should rather be scandalous, since they can have but one way of passing their time with you.

Luc. You rally well, but your wit is always without extravagancy; you drink *Burgundy* perpetually, and Scower as you call it.

Bry. We hate debanching, but love committance, Madam. And can no more deny a friend that calls for another Bottle, than you can deny to turn up a Card at *Ombré*.

Rains. We use Wine, Madam, to elevate our thoughts; but Love his don't for me a pleasanter way.

Bry. And, Madam, your Beauty has already rec'd Min'd me.

Lor. If you as soon drunk as you're in love, you're the weakest Drinkers in Christendom.

Ram. You see, Madam, the strength and spirit of your Beauty.

Lor. For love I bar you, can't we converse without remembering we are of different sexes?

Carr. If you will accept of such conditions, we may sometimes admit you into our Privy-Council.

Ram. Would you have us spend our time like some visiting Fools, that never think serious, than playing at *Dangerous* with Women, all day of their Lives.

Lor. Our communication would then be as dull and insipid, as the mirth of Scarcemen.

Ram. Enter Cuff and Kick.

Lor. Vilest Company coming, their scandal has want of discretion brought upon your wife, that we dare not stay with you.

Ram. Let's have the honour to know your Names and Lodgings before you go?

Carr. Our Names are *Caroline* and *Laria*; our Lodging's next House to Mr. Wherry, between the Wells.

Cuff. Let's make to the Bowling-Green, we shall be too late to begin the Game, without the Circumstances.

Kick. Who are these make toward us?

Luc. Who do Ram and Carr make up to you two for?

Carr. We have done amiss, if our feigned Challenge should occasion a real Duel—such they and otherwise.

Ram. Come, Gentlemen, you are very late.

Cuff. I hope we shall be time enough here.

Luc. Y'have done scurvily to make us wait so long, we are not us'd to it.

Kick. What the Devil do they mean, Cuff?

Carr. Come, boys,

Cuff. Prepare, however, to be beaten, we'll be revenged on you.

Ram. I'faith, ye Rascals, do you trifl with us? Come, Draw.

Kick. Draw, Sir, why should we draw, Sir?

Carr. What amiss for the Ladies in the morning, ne'er be jealous of us, God take me, we're sign to ye.

Ram. Why, what impudent Rascals are ye, did not you send this Challenge?

Kick. We send a Challenge, Sir!

Ram. Y'are a couple of hardy'd Cowards.

Kick. Cowards, God take me, ye were never so much in the wrong in your life.

Cuff. But I believe if you did not think us Cowards, you'd scarce call us so.

Luc. Ye shall be very much kick'd.

Kick. We mean to be kick'd, Sir.

Carr. I see some body behind the Tree, Kick, draw, and be valiant. Kick'd, Draw? I'll tell thee that. [They draw, and fight rising.]

Luc. Hold, hold, Gentlemen.

Care. Hear us, what do you do? bring us off this field as easy as I can. —
Luc. Hold for Heaven's sake. —
Rains. Oh you nimble footed Rogues! we cannot run so fast forward as you do backward.

Care. What's the matter, Gentlemen?

Bry. These Fellows sent us a Challenge, and then disown'd it now.

Kick. As Glad friend me, not we. But if we be not aveng'd on them.

Cuff. What a Pox all they, we never trouble such as they are, if they'll be quiet, we know our men.

Luc. No, to our knowledge they did not send the Challenge.

Care. The Challenge was sent by better Friends of yours, but such as would be as loth to engage with you at this Weapon, as they are, and would have discovered this, but to prevent bloodshed.

Rains. Oh, is it so, Ladies?

Bry. 'NDebin, what dull Rogues were we. Gentlemen, ye may go.

Kick. Well, Sir, fare you well.

Cuff. Who cares, you may pay for this though —

Rains. Had you a mind to try our courage? God, we would have met ye in any ground in Christendom, without being call'd to it.

Luc. We did send the Challenge, and we here command ye; make your best of it.

Bry. Faith, Ladies, if you shrink from us now, we shall think ye have as little Honour as you Bellies have.

Care. We did not doubt your Honour, and, Bry, don't you chide us.

Luc. We know you have too much wit to be vexed over this, and too much generosity to impute it to our weakness. We told ye you should hear from us, and we kept our word, not thinking of this accident.

Care. We had no way to quit the obligations you did us in the morning, but this.

Rains. But, Ladies, I hope you'll give us leave now, to meet without these preparations, though we should be glad to meet you upon any terms.

Bry. Shall we have free admittance?

Care. So long as you use your freedom wisely.

Luc. But let us now part in the next Field, and when you return, still take this Rule with you.

*Think not what's pleasant, but what's just and fit,
And let discretion brighten your way.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Woody and Peg.

Mrs. Wood. Are you sure Rains met with Caroline?

Peg. I am sure 'twas one in her dress, and Mr. Rains walk'd with Mrs. Lucia; but I do not know but they might meet by accident.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wood. Will you try that. shall some means to convey this Note to Bevil,
or from Cervantesome company. — [Ex. Peg.]

Peg. I will, Madam, and give you an account of it.

Mrs. Wood. If he be false, I shall soon turn my love into revenge.

Enter Mrs. Jilt.

Tilie. Madam, I beg your Ladiship's pardon, I have staid too long within ; my
Maid brought me a Love-Letter from a honest fine Person indeed, and I vow, I
could not but answer it.

Mrs. Wood. No doubt, you had reason.

Am I sacrific'd to Cervantes?

[Afids.]

Tilie. He's in the induc't condition for me, just for all the world like a man in
a Consumption, I'll swear 'would grieve your heart to see him ; I'll swear it
wreath, Madam.

Mrs. Wood. And why were you so cruel ?

Tilie. I vow, I am the strangest person for that in the whole world ; I could
not marry a Prince if I did not like his Person strangely, and I have a world of
choice, upon my word that's all, I'll swear it is.

Mrs. Wood. Since you have such choice, why are you unmarried two days ?
Tilie. I have had many offers, but they were all useless and hard to please, and I
would not have for marriage any that I would be a little baf'd in the World,
that's all, there's Mr. Bevil. Oh, he loves me dearly !

Mrs. Wood. Love him, how the blake me.

[Afids.]

Tilie. And I'll swear he's a fine person, I have the prettiest, sweetest, delicate
Letters from him every day.

Mrs. Wood. What are they ?

[Afids.]

Tilie. Your Ladiship will be secretes, I know : he has a strange passion for me ;
upon my word, he sighs and fits with his Arms & crois, and makes Dose your
upon me ; I'll swear 'would do your Ladiship good to see him. Now I think
ere, I'll show your Ladiship the kindest Letter from him. I have so many
Love-Letters, I vow, I can never find it. I have thrown so many come to me in
2 months.

She pulls out a great bundle of Letters.

Mrs. Wood. Vain, silly Creature !

Tilie. Oh, here's one of his hand !

Mrs. Wood. Hushen, is it his hand.

Mrs. Jilt.

Mrs. Wood. Roads, I wonder at the occasion of your miscreant, unless you have been
unmerciful to some body else ; I am very well, and drink much Hockamore,
and perhaps have given you more occasion for a chidish't than a Surgeon.

Bevil.

July 22. 24. O perfidious Wretch ! this is since my intinge with him. This will distract
me, I could tear him in pieces.

Tilie. Your Ladiship is distract'd at something.

Mrs. Wood. No, no ; but this is a very familiar Love-Letter, as you call it.

Tilie. Oh, mischief ! then I should put this among the rest of my Letters, but
I'll break her down in it, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Wood. Where's the name of your daughter ?

Tilie.

Mrs. Wood. No, to be what a wretched wench I am, and to be a Wench in *Clothes*, Garden of my Name, and Mr. Brown's man brought this *Wretched Wench* in.

Mrs. Wood. Oh, impudence! I'm here again, and I call for you. [Enter Peg.]

Peg. We had such a quarrel about it; I did not speak to him for three days after, I know, I did not.

Mrs. Wood. How now, Peg? What News of Brown? and I, and Mrs. Wood?

Peg. I got a Mail of late acquaintance to tell me the News which you received with the greatest joy imaginable, and said, in words without hesitation,

Mrs. Wood. Oh perfidious Wretch! I'll go to him immediately. Excuse me, Mrs. Wood, I am in great trouble.

Mrs. Your Servant, Sweet Madam. She strongly urged me to do something. Well, now we are alone, Sister, I'll own this. I hope you are now recovered that wearisome Kin.

No, nor my poor self here. [Enter Mrs. Wood.]

Peg. Pray keep it secret, that I may not be known to her than I am; it will further my designs.

Mrs. But I wonder you will not hear all over the town about us, Gimbald.

I have no objection to be known, but I have a secret to tell you, by no design and care of mine, but that I may be known to you, and be communicated.

Clara and I should go away to New York, and be married there.

Next time he comes to visit my Sister, I'll give him notice.

Ester Cibber.

Oh me! be there to our will, and we shall remember your Cibber.

Clara. Mrs. Wood is not here I see.

Clara. Oh that you could be at home, Cibber! how happy am I then to see you, and nothing shall ever distract me from you.

Cibber. Why? Sir, I have no money, and you afford me no breeding.

Cibber. breeding, yes; could I not play *Violin de Bois* in New York, Clara, and the *Violin* upon the Virginia, and did I not learn, and could I not play in *Violoncello* upon the *Viol de Geste*, before I went to this nasty, raking, wicked Town; am not I?

Cibber. Ho! ho! this is an ingenuous Wench. Besides, Madam, toward you be a Person of Quality, and have a good position, yet London is the proper place to get introduced.

Cibber. Oh dear! — "I have had many a Farmer of forty pound a year in the Country, — man, wife, children, — nothing, — nothing. — Fellow of two thousand pounds a year. — On the pleasure of a pretty, innocent Country life!

Cibber. But looks she's fit to go, — and God judge me, there's a judicious Person.

Peg. Oh, bring a dell! *Violin* Country-life.

Cibber. A pox on that Country, how I could bear her! —

Cibber. Out on thee for a scold! Wench, where I left thee, I'll turn thee away for that word.

Peg. Pray, pardon me, Madam, I am very ignorant of English.

Wm. Can't thou tell so after the Song the Fiddler sung this morning in praise
of the Country? Oh that he were here, I should never be weary of hearing that
Song.

Peg. I see him yonder, I'll call him to you. [Ex. Peg.]
Clyd. Madam, I have over-heard and admired your excellent Discourse upon
the Country.

Wm. Who are you, come back journeying, Master Lawyer? avoid my presence.
Clyd. I am not a Lawyer, I was a Country Justice, God's-works.

Wm. Pray how now, and I have said, you are there rule London-Yellow; soh,
you find it rank out?

Clyd. As God shall live, you're a fine Person; if I were not engag'd to
Caroline, I should like her company.

[Enter Peg and Will]

Peg. Here's the honest Fiddler, and here's the Song, Madam.

Wm. I have nothing to say to him, I am troubled with an impudent Fel-
low here, and he will not go.

Clyd. Your honour, Madam, 'tis in spite of the Country, and he still
finds it rank out.

Oh, how I abhor
The Country-side of the Town,
The Country-side of the Town,
The Country-side of the Town;
How I abhor
The Country-side of the Town,
The Country-side of the Town,
The Country-side of the Town;

How I abhor
The Country-side of the Town,
The Country-side of the Town,
The Country-side of the Town;
How I abhor
The Country-side of the Town,
The Country-side of the Town,
The Country-side of the Town;

Wm. Very fine.

How the Country-side of the Town is London enlivens
The Country-side in the Country-side of the Town,
The Country-side in the Country-side of the Town,
Or in the Country-side of the Country-side of the Town;

Clyd.

Class Advertisements \$1.00 each per page. **Business Cards** \$2.00 each per page.

Give me the good men that live on his own ground; for this will
And when his own bounds are past, two good Friends,
Has room for his Hawk and his Hounds,
Can feast like our Fathers with Roasts and with Billes, or with W
And from his own plough with good Turns of Drills, and U
And not with dandlings, but with good English Ale
O'er their faithful hearts can prevail,
And nothing so relish doth eve
But from his own hand's brews his own Draughts,
And his own Shadellins.
While the ignorant French have *Repos et repos*, let us have
This, this is the motto of the *Good Englishmen*.

"My Excellency, there's a Crown, Queen, Cross and King there to the twelve a day, as long as I live in Exeter."

TELEGRAMS

Claire — Tip me up when we get to the station, and I'll give you seven shillings for the train, and I'll go with you in Sussex, there's such a beauty about it.

"And, Pardon me, Sir, I was born and bred in London, and would not live out
of it for five hundred pounds a year."

The One and only Scary Fellow.

Cheer up! A pox on him for a Refud. There you are now fellow, give me my ten shillings again, and I'll make it a shilling.

Fid. There's a word you

Clyde. Ay, and here 'tis, and shall be. Deyon want Pittin a Lame Mogue carry-away ten shillings of my money?

Fed. Why, you will not take it we'll come.

Cleop. Yes, I will; and you may thank Heaven that it is ~~now~~ ~~now~~ in a weak
strife to break heads. Be gone, you insolent Rascal, lest you should tempt me
to confess to break yours.

P.M. What the Devil, are they both mad or what?

Chef. An insolent Zettsie Rodeo, so flagrantly did O'Donnell's
Malice, let me tell you, you're a fine person.

*Tell No. Sir, fare you well, Sir, and I'll let you know when you want
of this.*

Clancy: Who's this, Mrs. Hartman?

Fig. She's a Person of Quality comes to Ziegfeld for her pictures. I won't wait on her.

Candy: She's a fine lady, but I must go to California.

LEADER

THE PRACTICAL FARMER AND GARDENER

*Now, Caroline will do me no harm here alone? She's very weak & let me see, Sir, boys meet me always, that we may first, & then you can see our affair which nearly
concerns*

concerns us both. 'sDeath I have dropt my Letter, unlooky accident, I must go back for it. I cannot now, she's here. [Enter Mrs. Woody Alarmed.

Tis a solitary place, and I hope no body will find it

Mrs. Wood. Ah, false wretch ! how punctual he is.

Ber. Ah, my dear *Caroline*.

Mrs. Wood. Ah, my cursed Devil.

Ber. I have not words enough to acknowledge and thank you for this favour.

Mrs. Wood. Nor I words enough to upbraid you for this injury.

Ber. How now, what is the dumb ? Madam, you see how conscientious I am in my duty of alligation ; you shall always find me a man of Honour.

Mrs. Wood. Yet, I thank you, you are a man of Honour.

Ber. 'sDeath, Mrs. Woody ! how unlucky is this, she'll stay too, and prevent my meeting with *Caroline* ; I am undone, I must conceal the Intrigue. Nothing but impudence can bring me off.

Mrs. Wood. Unworthy man.

Ber. You do well, pray, who was this alligation made to ? I can watch your private haunts, you see, Madam.

Mrs. Wood. Are you past all sense of modesty ?

Ber. No, that comes for your *Caroline*, I suppose.

Mrs. Wood. Have I caught you, and do you accuse me ? I have been as virtuous and as constant to my Intrigue as any Woman breathing : have I not had as many Addresses made to me by the fine persons of the Town and Court as any Lady has ?

Ber. And have infid'ls as few, I'll say that for you.

Mrs. Wood. Have I not deny'd all, to be constant to you ?

Ber. Gad, I hate constancy in a Woman, after a little while ; especially in an impudent one, or much as constancy in a Quarantine-Ague.

Mrs. Wood. And all this to be betrayed to *Caroline* ! perfidious man !

Ber. Ha, ha, ha——I knew I should catch you ; there was no way I knew to make you show your face, but my pretending to another ; *Caroline*, I think, I could not.

Mrs. Wood. Oh, abominable treachery ! I forged that Letter from *Caroline*, which you even now received with the greatest joy imaginable : Ungrateful man !

Ber. Well, give me your little Punk, for Marriage is not so troublesome as the imperfections of your Whore of Honour.

Mrs. Wood. Have I deny'd this from you ?

Ber. Well, I confess you have catcht me. I was indeed amaz'd at the Letter, having only heard of *Caroline*, and had a curiosity to see the meaning on't.

Mrs. Wood. Yes, twas curiously made you walk with her in the Forenoon, in a Field beyond the New Inn.

Ber. 'sDeath, how came she to know it ?

Was that *Caroline* ?

Mrs. Wood. As if you did not know it, inhumane Creature. Nor is this all ; I saw a Letter just now to one Mr. Tull, wherein you tell her you have given her more occasion for a Melancholy than a surgeon.

Ber.

Mrs. Wood. 'A' Death, how come these Gentlemen here with their wives?—
Mrs. Wood. You shall find, ungrateful men, you have no better way to avenge
yourself than to turn your Wives into Vixens. — A good example, Mrs. Lucy, a
Lady of Honour, for such a Creature, without any consideration of my Quali-
ty!'

Mrs. Wood. 'Pox on her Quality.' This is all a mistake, Miriam.
Mrs. Wood. I know your Husband well for that: you might tell your little
tawdry, mercenary Creatures so, that flutter about the Town in their short-
lived Bravery: but a Woman of my Quality——

Mrs. Wood. Well, however 'tis in some things, I would have no liberty of Confin-
ence in whoring: I would have none but those Women hold forth that are in
lawful Orders, 'tis the more fated way, and the more the few of Discipline.

Mrs. Wood. If I be not reward'd for this——

Enter Woodyly with a Note in his hand.

Wood. How the Devil came *Bowl* to lose this Night in the Field; *Caroline* ap-
pears to meet him privately? I thought he never left her—— Death how
the Jilted me.

Reads. *That we may freely suffer what we suffer which nearly concerns
us, and that we may be the better for it.*
Caroline.

Hell and Devil! I'll smite her there: I'll stab behind 'em and impale 'em. So,
Bowl, is this your private villainy?

Mrs. Wood. My husband, Edye, do ye.

Caroline. You have done well, you have frightened a Lady into a swoon: Head
you know what will become of her.

Wood. I knew she would be fumprised.

Mrs. Unlucky man.

Wood. Death, And, you'll kill her, poll off her Mask, and give her more
air.

Mrs. Pray forbear, Sir, you are not to see her: she recovers.

Mrs. Wood. Give her more air, quoth all: how he frightened me?

Wood. Good, Sir 'A', make a secret o'er no longer, she may as well unmask,
as and I am no strangers to one another.

Mrs. Wood. What says he?

Caroline. You may have seen her, but you are not acquainted with her.

Wood. All over, neither leave looking.

Caroline. Upon my Honour you are not——

A Gentleman comes in Honour to sue for his mistress. [Edye.

Wood. I could never believe a Country Gentleman like *Forest* and *Pye* for
the honour of his Heart, when he is telling him.

Mrs. Wood. He knows me, I am lost, endosse for ever.

Caroline. Whatever happens, do not discover your self.

Wood. I am oblig'd to you, you can be kind to others.

Mrs. Wood. Can any thing be more plain?

Caroline. Pray, Woodyly, trouble us no further; I know you, you neither do, nor
mean know this Lady.

Wood. Is it so? But you well, I will let you know at present. [Enter Woodyly,

Caroline.

'Zee, Hellish home, and drosses that 'tis you.

Mrs. Wood. As good luck would have it, I have the Key of the back Gate, and can be there before him; I hope I shall bear him down that it was me I.

[Enter *Mr. Woodly*.]

Ber. I doubt not. Oh Woman, Women! impudence and invention never fail them at a pinch.

[*A wife making up her mind, after giving a thousand yards, and such like words of Bowlers.*]

Enter Bubble, Fribble, Goff, and Kick.

Goff. Come, Mr. *Bidde*, let's hold him to other Games.

Bid. As I say on honest money, I have lost all my money.

Prob. And so have I, and yet you how?d like an Emperor, Neighbour *Bidde*, the two last Games, but Mr. *Goff*'s hand was quite out.

Buk. A Grace save it, we never won one Game since Mr. *Kick* laid against us, and in my Confidence and Soul he is a Witch, for Mr. *Goff* after plaid well after.

Goff. I'll make you amends if you'll play again.

Frib. But we have no money.

Kick. I have a shilling, give me that, I have a bowling you.

[Enter *Bidde* and *Mrs. Fribble* back towards the Window.]

Buk. No, we'll drink a Bush-fink and self; my thighs are much bowling. Come me, yonder are our Wives looking out at the Window to see us bowl; poor Bessies, black we'll have a Bessie with them. I warrant you, they have been dancing in a Barn yonder, with some Neighbours, I hear their fiddles.

Dor. Mr. *Rain* is not yonder, I'll swear he's care company.

Mrs. Bid. A Marquis take you; and you had not crooked us with your impudence, he had been better company to me to day than he was.

Dor. Yonder are our Husband, I am certain that you have admir'd me to pluck up a spirit. But look down to here now, for few we lose 'em.

Prob. Now here's my Wife, I'll be bold to say, I'll show you the handsomest Women in Town.

Frib. It must be my Wife then, I'll tell you that.

Buk. Your Wife handsomer than mine I think's pleasant, ha, ha.

Goff. This may prove as good as bowling with them.

Kick. I never saw two so cut out for honest name suffering Cockolds.

Goff. There are many as fit here, as their Wives be as unsome as they say theirs are.

Frib. Come, I'll hold you to it, to be frank, and these Gentlemen shall be Judges here.

Buk. With all my heart. But I am sure mine is the prettiest, neatest, tidiest Woman in the Ward.

Frib. I have seen our Minister down to my Wife in her Pew, still he has been out in his service, there's no pretty. And you think too, Gentlemen, when discipline a keep her in? 'Tis the obedient, your Creature!

Buk. Nay, mine has these humours, but they become her so prettily, and his the

the sweetest little Rogue! I vow there was not more temptation than my Woman, in Cleopatra, never will.

Frib. More temptations than my Wife, I scorn your words. There are a company of the bravest Gallants come to my Shop to see her, and she'll not speak to any of them——I faith not lie.

Dick. I have known Knights, nay, Lords in love with my Wife, and he does make such Fools of 'em all. Poor Rogue, ha, ha, ha, my dear Lamb, art thou come?

Enter Mrs. Bisket and Dorothy.

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, you See——but isn't it time for you to come home? Mr. Rains has been gone this three hours.

Dick. I told you she had some humours. Pretty Duck, I fack now, I have catch'd you. I'll give you a Bottle of Wine and a Quart of Mum.

Frib. These are my Friends, Gentlemen, an please you.

[He presents them to his Wife and they salute her.]
Dick. This is my Duck, Gentlemen. *[They salute Mrs. Bisket.]*
Has not my Lamb a rare way of killing? I warrant you for the Wager, Neighbour.

Frib. I fear you not.

Cuf. What admirable Cockolds and Bubbles have we met with.

Frib. Now, Gentlemen.

Dick. But here's a delicious Eye-brow, and a most charming wanton my! She's my Cow's countess, my pretty Pigs my! as Mamma said nobly has it.

Dick. Excellent fine.

Mrs. Bisk. Also, also I, but what do you mean by this, you are always fooling this before Company.

Dick. Grace, I have laid a Wager on thy head seeing Mrs. Frib.

Frib. Here's a pretty plump red Lips.

Dick. But see my Duck's teeth, and smell her livet brush. Breath an 'em, Duck.

Frib. Her's purred and white, here's a shape.

Cuf. Most admirable.

Frib. 'Tis your goodness, Sir.

Kirk. These Fools praise their Wives, as Horse-Courfies do their Horses, to put 'em off.

Dick. Practice Dear, do bot shew them a little of your Foot and Leg, good Dick; now if thou lovest me, do practise now.

Mrs. Bisk. Well, well, so I can; there 'll be.

Dick. A little higher, but up to your Garter, good Lamb.

Mrs. Bisk. You are such a simple Fellow.

Cuf. Oh, 'tis charming!

Mrs. Bisk. You are so obliging really.

Frib. Here's a fine round small white hand.

Kirk. Extreme fine.

Mrs. Bisk. You are pleased to Complement.

Frib. Now you shall see how obedient my Wife is. The durst not well eat her Nails as refuse what I command. But, pray kiss these two Gentlemen immediately. Now you shall see.

Der.

Mrs. Dick. Dear, what do you mean ?
Fris. How now, Halfwife, dare you dispute my Commands, hah ?
Dick. Be not angry, I will obey your commands. [They kiss her.
Kick. Your Servant, dear Madam.
Coff. Your humble Servant.
Fris. Look you, did I not tell you what discipline she was under ?
Dick. Good sweet dear Lamb, do thine as much it shou lov's me do.
Mrs. Dick. Not for your bidding ; but they shall find I am not behind Mrs.
Frisk in good breeding.
Dick. Gentlemen, my Master shall salute you too.
Fris. Ay, it won't do. [They kiss again.
Kick. Your Servant, dear Lady.
Coff. Sweet Madam, your humble Servant.
Fris. Come now, let's in, and be very merry, and decide the Wager.
Kick. Allons, this is the most extraordinary adventure, but you know we have
a weighty Affair in hand ; our Bullies will be all ready immediately.
Coff. We'll swing the Rascals, *Bum* and *Bawl* : but we must make haste,
this is the time they use to come to the Bowling-Green, we'll meet them.
Kick. There is another weighty affair. *Charles* is to dust his Stand of Ale,
and he must be baited with 'em, and then we'll be baited with 'em.
Coff. We must borrow one of 'em for a while.
Fris. Gentlemen, will you please to walk in ?
Coff. Come on. [Ex. *Rains and Lucia*.]

Luc. A man of wit and make joye, leave off this foolish old fashion'd subject :
I'd have all discourse between us tend to something.
Rains. 'Tis as unseasonable for a young Lady not to entertain love, as for a
Judge or a Bishop to make love.
Luc. Love is so foolish and scandalous a thing, none now make use of any
thing but ready money.
Rains. Methinks, ready Love is a pretty thing.
Luc. But there are few in this Age have it about 'em.
Rains. I have at present stock, and am as full of love, Madam —
Luc. Then you squander it away upon every one you see, as a young Prodigal
newly of age, treats and pays reckonings for every body.
Rains. How prodigal soever I have been, I am resolv'd to take up in my ex-
pences, and recompense all my love for you.
Luc. For me ? I am as hard to be fixt as you : I love liberty as well as any of
ye.

Rains. Say you so ? Faith let's make us on't.
Luc. Not the lewd liberty you mean : Come, to divert us better, go a little
further, and try the Echo, here is an extraordinary one that will answer you to
as much purpose as I can.
Rains. 'Tis a fine Echo, but, Madam — [Ex. *Rains and Lucia*.]
Enter *Woolly* and *Carolina*.

Carr. Nothing but love, love : always one Note like a Cuckow.

Wood.

EDUCATION

Wood. Nine Sails. I can no more refresh my soul than a Promised full of new lights and revolutions can invigorate my spirit. How now? How now?

*Conc. Can I suffer this any longer without you?—I will not suffer me to live
in the world no more, you will not suffer me to die for life.*

Wood. I am too lovel to rend against you, but I am ready to yield your will. Chancellor, your virtue and the

Gen. Von Prittwitz (Generalissimo of the Prussian Army) has been appointed by the Emperor to command the forces of the Central Powers against Russia.

"And" Virtue & Charity "will" make every such Woman shall be thought vicious, or at least
Lawyer with a tatter'd Gown on or not, will be thought vicious.

Lawyer with a letter to Crown attorney, Mr. G. W. L. Duthie,
C. O. if you refuse to perjure in this subject, I will tell everybody of your
bad before I treat further.

•Lady before a great master.
Wood. Say you so, Madam? there's a slender girl, Miss Longfellow, who
delicately walking there in the sun of day, would if you have one you like,
there's a woman now, 321, who is a friend to me, and I like her well. A very
nice girl.

Yours sincerely, *[Signature]*
John G. B. Smith, M.A., F.R.S.

What, did the Lady ever do till to pull off your Head, and drawe her Face,
thought for more.

Care. You are mad, think I could have got away from you.

Wend. Oh Woman-kind, the Original Mother of the Human Race! You are the best of us all. I did not know her, but I could read her Notes. It would have done me good.

Care: This is a serious, possibly fatal disease; it deserves no serious Answer.

10 *On the other hand, the author of the present paper has shown that the*

Wool Head Bros. Ltd., 111 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Ques. Does he know of our interview? *Ans.* No.

Wood. You are not acquainted with this Lady, no, a common-breed girl.

Bro. I wish nothing more than we may have a good time.

Wood. What furniture is this that you have got? I am sure it is not good.

... you may throw your ball, and I will give it all the time. So few
days.

Wood. Cousin Lucy, your Servant - Five Miles, New York, self-willed

With the help of your Friends
Raise up this his Cousin *Lucie* :

Lor. Oh! Is that the Intruder? These two Gentlemen referred to this morning

Caps. 3, 5, and 7, and with their swords professedly from this violence, and re-

We are not unthankful to those who have had the privilege to go with us.

Gov. This morning we had a meeting over Gov. St. Leger's. Very good.

Kind, You're good to me.

1

—*Or, if I be, you are not consider'd, I affirme you.*

Wood. I fear too much. But how do you like Lizzie, Jack? have you a design of living with her one way or other?

- Return, Name, & whether I will dispose all your Roggeries to your Lady Bright at home; be assured I like her too well to dishonour her. But we shew this doill to the world, & let them say what they will, and the Fiddlers flourish.

Wood. What a Devil's this?

Mr. Waring fallen into an Ambuscade of Thieves.

7-15. Do you conjure?

Gen. You charm the Air to give me Sound.

Rains. The truth is, Madam, it's a Trap I have laid for you, and you have no way but to dance your self out on it.

No, then I will leave my self as soon as I can. Play a Jig.

Every Graduate with a D.W.T.

Cleop. What you are doing with your Fieldies. I have been busting up and down for Maximus Caroline; I came to present you with some Country Party mittens. Here they are, I suffer. Does fit him for you? Oh he ranges with such mirth, and points to time. Poor Troy. God I love and honour him.

ANSWER The answer is 1000. The first two digits of the product are 10.

Class. Pray. Medam, and Nine Bells in which he is to sing most often.

Capt. Kifaider

Clo'd. A Dog. This looks he has as fewest friends as any man. I won't say Lady here. Your Gravy Ladies-Ladies had their Dogs at their Tables, and have Joints of Mutton roasting a purpose for 'em, and make them their Bed-fellows for want of better. But Sir, you do allow a Dog, Madam; I'll be bold to say, yonder's the beautifull'it Dapple Mare of mine that my Man leads there. There's a Buttock, Madam, how clean the treads upon her Patterns. There's a Body round as a Barrel; there's a Head and Neck justly rais'd, a delicate broad Chest. Gad, looks she's the finch fore-handed Mare in Christendom, that's Beauty, and you talk of Beasts.

Rains. He describes his Mare so passionately, I shall begin to suspect her virtue.

Click. You I must define for me and wish you in particular.

Sorry I am going to visit now, but shortly I will hear you.

Gladly I have waited on you friends, but now I have been giving out Writs, and binding some London Rogues to the Pece, and the like. Thus I expect the Edinburgh Law will be well supported.

2. I am now well aware of how short even 1 sec.

Cleve, I am content. Madam, to employ my felicitousness, and to serve my Country, while your London Sparks, Incivious, illiberal Swipes follow their belligerents and from me extirpate. Poor Poets, I pity 'em.

West, Why, we have Justices of the Peace that serve the Nation at London.

Chas. Wm., honest ones! Thank you for your offer to " grand Master" where ; they make pretty Trade with the Slaveholders with British Colonies from the West Indies, and abolitionists with the Ticks they train from Southern Whigs.

Enter Kick and Cuff with Knaves.

Rake. We're all engag'd.
Vix. Here they are, they shall find that none shall affront any of our Gang
unpunish'd.
Cuff. As long as we Bullies hold together, we defie the World, we'll chastise
their insolence : fall on.

[They fall, and kick and Cuff and Knaves knock them down.]

Kick. Come, have at you.
Rake. How now.
Vix. Rogness, which way I get to the mire ?
Wood. You Dogs.
Cold. Hold, command you in the King's Name, keep the Peace, I am a
Jupiter of Quorum, and represent the King's Person. I say, keep the Peace, or
I'll bind you all over to the Sessions. *[The Bullies are beaten off.]*
Vix. Let's pursue the Rogues, and now we have won the field, take them
Prisoners.
Rake. Dam 'em, they are not worth our punishment ; I know two of 'em, and
shall find out the rest, and I'll make them pay for their villainy.

Cold. Go, I say, and tare 'em before me, and I will bind 'em to the Peine,
and make 'em be of good abearing till the next sessions, or they shall forfeit
their Recoulers.

Vix. We are bound to you for your help, you fought bravely.

Cold. If I may interpose for a Mistletoe to signe, I will give you Law, *[He takes off his Cowardize hat, when enters a rogue.]*

Rake. Let's find the ladies, I'll tell you where to look for them. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Clodpate, two Country-Folks, Cuff, and Kick in Country Habits.

Kick. These Disputers have done us Knights Service, let them have it.
Cuff. Hell begin to be drunk by and by, preach the Parson upon
him, or my God under the Candlestick, even or one with a Whirlwind, or the
Grenades of Put, for I find he hates Dice.

Cold. Come, Gentlemen, put about a Cap of Ale. "The Ringo-Pfah," is
not this better than your London French and New-Cheer ? This is of the growth
and product of our own Country, and we encourage the whole Manufacture of
Ale. Now say you ? come fill all.

I Cress. His Worship is a noble man in the Politicks of our Justice of
England, no dispu—

Soldier. His Honour the Lieutenant of his own Castle, *[Exit Soldier.]*

Cold. Tillage and orchards, Oh Godamn, things do not go well : There's the
first the Thunders was breaking of 'way, it signifies but a Thunders, to us, for
inconveniency, if the Mann's Grace or Commodity exported, and equal to the Com-
modity imported, we must ruin our Trade, that's a curse, that's a curse !

We send them money in specie for foolish superstitties, for Curvans to make Minces-pyes with; it grieves my heart to think on't: but come, shift it away.

Kirk. Your Worship speaks like an Oracle.

Claud. Then there is your Canary Trade takes away not one of our Manufactures. Well, no more to be said, I am not thought worthy, but here's to you. [Drinks.]

Claud. A very politick Coxcomb.

[Ays.]

1 Count. What News is there in the Gazette, an't please you?

Claud. Why there 'tis. We keep a pother about the honest Dutch, I say nothing, but I hate French Fricasies and Ragouts, and French Dances too; but no more to be said, fill agen. God looks, here's your true English Ale and your true English Hearts. [He Drinks.]

2 Count. I portest he's incomparable man.

Claud. In the mean time poor Poland's in danger, and yet Sobieski's a pretty man, and Wisniewski, and Lubomirski, and Potocki too pretty men, very pretty men; but, alas! they are but men, we ne'er think of affliting 'em, and poor Poland may be lost, and we are in a fine condition; but here's t'other Poc. [All drink.]

Kirk. Excellent Coxcomb! but what hurt can the lots of Poland do us, Sir?

Claud. Lord, that you should ask such a question, why 'twill spoil our Trade of Tin, no people in the World can make Latin Ware, or work our Tin well, but they, the German indeed pretend to it: this would trouble a man that loves his Country as I do.

2 Count. What Religion are they of in Poland, an't please your Worship?

Claud. Why, they are Christians, they are not within the Pale indeed, but they are very good-out-laws.

Claud. Let's ply him hard. Come, here's a Health to all your Deputy Lieutenants.

Claud. Come on, I hope to be one my self, I serve the Nation upon a true Country-principle, and have as many friends at any man upon a National account.

1 Count. Here's News from Ditts; an't please your Worship, what place is that? I ask'd our Minister, and he could not tell me.

Claud. Tie upon him; why Ditts is a Town in Pomerania, a very fine Town: But fill agen.

Kirk. Here's a Health to the Bishop of Misfit.

Claud. Excuse me, Sir, he's a Popish Bishop, and I'll drink ne'er a Papist's Health on 'em all; he a Clergy-man, and run up and down souldiering and fighting! truly he may be althamp on't; and he were a godly man, he'd stay at home and preach; I hate a lazy Bishop that won't preach; but here's my Cup. Come on, Udsouke, I begin to be torid.

Claud. That's good News, Kirk.

Claud. Well Poland's a brave Nation, and they have a Company of the fiercest magnanimous Fellows, your Skies, Okies, Irskies, Onskies, Eriks, and the Cossacks upon the Uryas, there's a Monarchy as it shoud be, every thing governed by the strict Council. Uds and they have the best Diet in Christendom.

2 Count.

John. Now with his Weatherbury, w' they have better Distress, you wife Dow. I'll be hanged.

Court. An't please your Worship w'll protest you with a Country-dance; we have Companions without, if you please, Sir.

Cloud. With all my heart. A Dance of the Clerks and the Country-Women, w' we have one Ballroom there, and then come Nuns, I must set my MILLE, he's the prettiest Nun —

*Singe. Her Lips are two Banners of Glass,
When soft I began to misery,
Her Breath of delight
Are two Banners of white,
And her Eyes are two Cups of cream.*

[Mr. CLOWD.]

Enter Rain.

Rain. Mrs. Jilt appointed to meet me here, she's handsome, and I hope found. I love Lusie even to the remouning of Wine and good Company, but flesh and blood is not able to hold our meetings without some refreshment by the bye.

*Mrs. Adr. [Mrs. Jilt] 15077.
Rain. O are you here! well you think me a flattery, confident person to meet you thus, you'll had not known you to be a fine sweet man, and 'tis dark, and would be like I would have done it. I'll frown I w'ld.*

Rain. What extremities can you suffer, pretty Mrs. Jilt.

Jilt. No, 'tis no matter what I suffer, Ah! Ah!

Rain. What's the matter?

Jilt. I am the most unhappy Lady in the whole World, I'll swear, ah, ha; but 'tis no matter, I may think say tell for', I vow.

Rain. What have you lost Friends or Money?

Jilt. Nay, no, I have somethong never any heart than all that. 'Tis not money that I care for, I'll swear, not I.

Rain. I find that some body has catch'd you, you are in Love.

Jilt. If I were not in Love, I were a happy Woman, but now I am the most unfortunate Maid in the whole World. Pitiful, oh, oh!

Rain. Pray, what young and pretty, and comely in this age.

Jilt. Oh, but this w'e-fine, so comely a Person, will never love me, I am marr'd, oh, oh.

Rain. Who is this bewitching Man?

Jilt. Oh it's no matter, alse! who cares what becomes of me? a poor-inconsiderable person, tho' none can say I am not a Gentlewoman, and well-bred, but 'tis no matter. Oh, ah, but the Gentleman is no ill-bred citizen, upon my word, now.

Rain. Pray then who is he?

Jilt. A great acquaintance of Mr. Jilt, a Major Companion.

Rain.

"I'm sorry, but I can't do that. He won't put this upon me at all, he'd be disgraced with some
such a thing."

young & well-made, fresh, handsome, well-bred Gentleman in the whole World. Plywear.

Again, Please with His Name, I can be Sure.

The first letter of his Name is it, but why should I say so much? I am
but a woman, he'll never know me, oh, no.

"Am I though up by your fine definition, and by my Country and my Name you wou'd persuade me, that I am the Happy Man."

[He kisses his hand.] Now shall I never see you again, you'll hate me for my confidence. Oh that my Tongue should betray me thus ! Oh that I had bit it out before I had said this ! Oh my heart will break, I'll swear.

Reids. Gad, her Tears have mollif'd me : it shali ne'er be said a Woman
shall dye under my hands; but she might have brought it about without all these
Conundrums. *Over.*

"Oh unfortunate Woman! I know you'll hate me for this, oh, oh."

"Anne. No, my dear, I am none of those, do not step into my Lodging where there is good Conversation to be had; and if I do not give you as good proof of my affections —

"Sir, I am not a scamp, nor a knave, nor a scoundrel, nor a scampster? No, Sir. But let you to know I am no such, I swear."

Rains. I know you are modest; but Lovers should try by that.

"Well, I like your robbery! Heaven forbid, you are a wicked, libidinous
pervert. I would not have the confidence to afford one of my cloth and broad-
bearing thus like a hairy man."

Rains. Oh, oh, all this talk of love is a trich, is it? you must have pic'd
it better, good Madam *Tilt*.

"Sir, Sir, Sir, it is no trick, and that you should find, if you would but —

Rains. But what?

[Cries]
Rains. All, in the Devil's name! Merry, quoth me, Sounds what a word we

*File. I knew how I should be us'd by an ungrateful man; oh that I should be
so unworthy, unkind, oh, oh!*

"Kiss. You're well, good Mrs. Jar. 'Scloud, marry? Is, Is, Is, Is.

My Miserable Woman, how unlucky am I! but I am resolv'd never to give over 'till I get a Husband, if I live and breath.

JANUARY 22nd Mrs. Woody, Elsie, and Caroline.

Lewis. This is your Husband's story.

Mrs. Wood. No, 'tis their own, I assure you: why did you intend your acquaintance with them, and Mr. Wood be a friend? that's pleasant, they have only proclaim'd it in the Town, yet no where else.

• One can be ill with a disease but by accident

Mrs. Wood. By accident I you are pleased, when, by, in, ha-

248. STYLUS AND TIP OF A CROWN COIN?

105

Epsom-Wells.

Mrs. Wood. By accident, Mr. Raine applies himself wholly to you; and by accident Mr. Brail makes love to you, Madam; by accident ye all met in a Field this forenoon; by accident, Madam, Mr. Brail expected you to meet him alone in a Field on the backside of my Lodging.

Care. Me: you drive a jest too far; do you intend to affront me?

Mrs. Wood. I have no mind to fall under the lash of their malicious tongues; but I walked over that Field in a Misque, Brail meets me, calls me dear *Caroline*, said he had obeyed my summons, and that I was punctual in my assignation, thank'd me for the favour of my Note—

Care. Heaven! what do I hear? this is your project, you must be acquainted with witty men.

Luc. Unworthy men! have they no sense of honour?

Enter *Mr. Woodlyne*

Mrs. Wood. Yonder, I believe, comes one of them; I'll leave ye left I should be suspected to tell this.

[Ex. *Mr. Woodlyne*]

Wood. I love *Caroline* so, I must undermine *Raine*, whom I fear she's inclin'd to; I must render *Rains* suspected too, lest they should clear one another.

Luc. If this be true, we have been finely mistaken.

Wood. Oh, Ladies, are you here, you're punctual, are your new Gallants come yet?—Perhaps I amy guess right.

Care. What Gallants?

Wood. Nay, perhaps it may be a mistake; but I was told by 5 or 6 Gentlemen upon Clay-Hill, that you were to meet with *Rains* and *Brail* privately this night here in *Mary's Garden*; that's all.

Care. Oh, fie, perfidious men!

Luc. We meet 'em?

Wood. Why, did you think it had been a secret, so is a Proclamation, they themselves have bragg'd on't.

Care. Do they already boast of our easiness, vile men! Well, I see we must condemn our selves to the conversation of dull sober Fools.

Luc. Or which is as bad, confine our selves to the impertinence of our own Sex.

Wood. I prefer'd to say to bring *Rains* acquainted with you, Cousin; but he refus'd it, and said he would not marry you for his own sake, nor lie with you for mine; and that a man had no excuse for himself, that visited a Woman without design of lying with her one way or other.

Luc. Oh Impudence!

Wood. They are men of wit and good company, but not so fit for young Ladies that love reputation; but I hope my Cousin is not so intolligent with *Rains*, as you are with *Brail*, Madam?

Care. I intimate with him, what mean you?

Wood. You are pleasant, Madam: I mean he does not meet him alone, as you do *Brail*.

Care. Had he the impudence to say this? or have you so little honour to believe the words of a vain idle fellow?

Wood. But I must believe my eyes, did I see you with him mask'd? and speak

Speak to you, by the same token you fell into a wound at the sharpize?

Care. You are mad, Sir, or would make me so.

Wood. To shew you I am not mad, there's the Note you wrote to *Arv.*

Care. That I wrote? Heaven! *Lucie,* do you hear what Monsters of men our ill fate, or your worse Conduct have thrown us upon? Let's in and read this Note.

Lucie. How am I amazed?

Wood. All this confidence won't clear her with me; I know Woman-kind too well.

Enter Rains and Bevil.

Rains. *Lucie* and *Carolina* are flipt into the House, or some Arbour, I see a Hackney-Coach, for they resolv'd not to bring their own.

Bev. Death, that we lewd young fellows shou'd be catch'd thus; I ne'er had any love yet, that I could not satisfy with Gold, or wash away with Burgundy; but to be contents to leave all the numerous Ladies of the Game in *London*, for two that on my conscience are foolishly honest.

Rains. But by your leave, *Bevil, London* is overstock'd with Witches, that like too many Hares in a Hare-Warren, they crost our hunting, and we can make no work w^t them; the difficulty offending is one part of the Game.

Bev. I love these Women the more, for declaring against Fools, contrary to most of their Sex.

Rains. I hate a Woman that's in love with a fulsom Coxcomb, she's a foul feeder, and I can no more have an appetite to her, when I think of her diet, than to a tame Duck, when I think it feeds on Toads.

Bev. Well, I love *Carolina* beyond all sense of modesty, so much, that I am resolv'd if she will, to turn recreant and marry her, let what will be the consequence.

Rains. To forbear pleasing our selves to day, for fear of being troubled to morrow, were to adjourn life and never to live.

Bev. I am sure of the present pleasure, and but venture the future pain.

Rains. But I am resolv'd to venture, though the Gallies were the consequence.

Bev. And I too, I will live yo years in that one night I first enjoy her; and care not if I were to be a Slave all the rest of my life. Yonder I believe they are.

Enter Carolina and Lucie.

Care. Ungrateful men!

Luc. 'Tis not too late to retreat from this adventure.

Bev. Ladies, your humble Servant: I see you are to be trusted.

Care. But you are not, you treacherous ungrateful men!

Bev. How's this, Madam?

Luc. Your infamous dealing with us, exceeds all barbarousness, Indians and Cannibals would have us'd us better.

Bev. What mean they? do you think, Madam, we would eat you? we have a pleasanter way of using Ladies.

Luc. Do you make our anger your mirth?

Care. We may thank our selves to trust such perfidious men?

Epsom-Wells

Brev. You amaz'd us. You are now declaring war, when we thought to have concluded a Peace with you.

Cat: Avoid our fight. End our clash!

AMERICAN CHARTER WITH CHECK

34. I hope you have as much fun as I did! I cannot think you are In earnest.

Rey. Our love is not so dull—that it needs to be spruz'd with anger.

Raine. I hope this is only to make us relish your kindness the better. Anger
is good in our sicknesses to health.

*Bro. For my part, I love so violently, that every look of yours charms me,
your anger pleases. I am in love with your frowns.*

Care. It seems so. You would not else so justly have provok'd 'em.

Rain. "I've some honour, Madam, to be thought Worth your notice. - You'd never be angry with those I herbed."

Carolinæ. 1603. 4. 2. Ex Dacia.

Rams. Doctor, you're madmen. I'll not leave you to. F. A. Kuhn
Cure. I write Letters, and make private appointments with you? pernicious

man, to blast me reputation thus —
B. This is ours, *Wendy's* office —

Pray bear me, Madam
Care. No, Sir

Enter Woody as they are leaving.

"Now jealousy don't me, I am o'peral somethin', tis not so like a Gentleman."

He is a good man, and I like him very well, but he is not a good husband, and I do not like him.

Mrs. Wood. I long to hear what my information has wrought upon 'em. MR.

Lower Beaufort and Carolinae at the time on the 17th March, in which 2222.

Here are the two whom I am most concern'd in," "the dark, and I shall easily con-
-sider my self. — "Woodly comes a little after Bevil, and Carolina, and stands right.

Mess. W. said— Oh, it would finely.

*Rev. Hear me but one word; if you condemn me then, I will own my self the
Radical you speak of.*

Care. What can you say in defence of your treachery? I write Notes to you.
Rev. I know who is my Accuser, and the reason fit my Accusation.

Caro. Who is your Accuser besides your self?
Bru. I have had the misfortune to be purif'd by the love and jealousy of a Wo-

man, choleric, hasty, and revengeful. Mrs. Wherry, I am sure he is my Accuser.

Mrs. Wood. Heaven! what says the Villain? I will bear him unbroken.

Ques. Is this possible?

Bev. 'Tis true, I assure you ; she wrote that Letter to me, and met me in the Field. I was surpris'd at the Letter, and desirous to see the event on't ; but I found her instead of you.

Wood. Damnation on this Woman.

Mrs. Wood. I cou'd stab the Traynor, but I'll yet have patience.

Bev. Her Husband came by in the mean time, and as I believe took her for you, said he knew her, and stem'd to be much concern'd ; and the swindled !

Care. Now the Riddle's clear'd. [With a smile.]

Wood. I will yet hear further. [With a smile.]

Care. But how came you to part with the Note which I have now ? Isse you are not to be trusted with a Ticket.

Bev. I am glad you have it. Madam, I unluckily drop't it I know not how ; and have been afraid of the effects a stranger finding it might have produced.

Care. You have told a plausible Story, and will let you know that I command you to take no notice of it.

Bev. You shall command me, Madam. [With a smile.]

Care. Know then that I have been passionately importun'd since I came to Epsom, by the shade of Mr. Wood, and I suppose he having the same Jealousy of me, that his mistress had, has forc'd him to be a witness against me, giving me this Note, with an execrable character of Mr. Care and you. — — — — — [Admiringly looking about.]

Wood. Hell and Devil I never all's out. [Both appear, and find themselves]

Wood. Mrs. Wood. Where's the Traynor that has abus'd methus ?

Wood. Madam Caroline, I thank you, you have oblig'd me much !

Mrs. Wood. My Husband I have updone. [With a smile.]

Wood. 'Sdeath, is he here ?

Care. Heaven ! what will this come to ?

Bev. Unlikely accident. [With a smile.]

Mrs. Wood. Oh let me stab this perjur'd Man !

Wood. Hold, Madam. [With a smile.]

Wood. Sir, I must have another account of you, with a vengeance.

Bev. Let it suffice to tell you my anger against your Wife, for contriving this mischief against me, made me say more than was true, that she's innocent of any intrigue with me, only the Letter she did write, who made her I know not.

Wood. But, Sir — — — — — [With a smile.]

Bev. But, Sir, I must demand an account of you, concerning the Letter and the fair Character you gave me ; it was not fit for a Gentleman, was it, to do such a thing ?

Wood. 'Sdeath, not like a Gentleman. [Lays his hand on his Sword.]

Care. Hold, Gentlemen. [With a smile.]

Wood. Oh, Madam, I think you for your favour. [With a smile.]

Care. If I have any power with you, follow me, or I shall distract all you have said. [With a smile.]

Mrs. Wood. Oh before I leave you, I'll satisfy to avert my Honour.

Bev. Madam, I must obey you. [With a smile.]

Wood. Ex. Mrs. Wood's Furies. None of your French to show your breeding; come along.

Mrs. Wood. I am basely abus'd by a forsworn Wretch. If you have honour in you bear it not. Heaven knows, I know nothing of the Letter, nor have I seen him this day before.

Wood. Not that can provoke him to so injurious an accusation.

Mrs. Wood. Do you wonder at the malice of base lascivious men, that cannot have their ends: I was loth to make a quarrel between you, but knowing how fatal it might be; but I have never relish'd from the importance of his love—

Wood. I know how to deal with him; but for you, Madam —

Mrs. Wood. For me? Heaven knows I am innocent and virtuous; but 'tis too apparent thou art false. *Caroline* speaks truth certainly; besides I have heard this day that you are pleased to keep a Wench too; *May* one that was a Bawd, and you purpose taking other, and turn her into a Whore; an honest Gentleman complain'd on't; I'll not endure it.

Wood. 'Tis well invented: but methinks, Madam, you shou'd have too much to do to clear your self, to think of accusing me.

Mrs. Wood. I shou'd have courage in this, thou wouldest revenge me of this false Rascal. But why should I expect such honour from you? you are one of those keeping Coxcombs; that rather than not know what step's done. Nay, your Mistress, forsooth, has turn'd from Bawd to Punk, from Punk to Bawd, as often as they say *Thames Water* will stink and grow dries again at Sea.

Wood. Sdeath, none of your Foolery, clear your self, or I'll make you an Example.

Mrs. Wood. Now all the power of revengeful malignity; there's Company I'll away.

Enter Rains, Lucia, and Roger, as Mrs. Wood is going out.

Rains. There can be nothing plainer than that the jealousie and malice of Mrs. *Woodly* contriv'd this. Can you believe we can be such Rascals without provocation?

Lucia. Do you know, Madam, there is no such thing as scandal in this Age. Infamy is now almost as bad as great preferment.

Enter Clodpate.

Clodp. Who's here, Mr. *Rains*? I'd shud I am almost foxt. We have dusted it away, *Guiseppe*, but there were two Country-Fellows there that I never saw before, won above forty pound of me at Pur, but they are honest Country-Fellows; one of 'em is a chiefe Constable, a very honest Fellow. But where's Madam *Caroline*? I have been in her Lodging.

Luc. Oh Mr. *Clodpate*! I am glad I have found you, I fent all up and down the Town for you.

Clodp.

Clo. Lidsud, Madam, what's the matter, is my Mistres not well?

Luc. Her Brother is come this Evening to Town, with a resolution to force her to London, to marry one, he has provided for her: the poor Lady is almost distract'd, and bid me tell you, if you'll relieve her from this distress, she'll be for ever yours.

*Clo. Lidsooks, does he take her *in arms*, I'll send my Warrant for him; and stop his Journey.*

Luc. No, she has design'd a better way; her Brother has carried her in his Coach to see a Kinswoman that lodges near the Church, and intends to sup there, and not to come home till eleven of the Clock.

Clo. Good.

Luc. If you'll go and stay for her in the Church-yard, and have your man with Horses just by, she'll steal away and come to you, and go where e'er you'll dispose of her, she'd rather dye than live in London.

Clo. As Gad judge me, she's a fine person; but why the Church-yard? that's a place to meet in when we are dead, not while we are living, there are Sprights and dead Folks walk: I tremble to think on't.

Rains. This Fellow has not yet out-grown the belief of Raw-head and Bloody-Bones.

Luc. There is now no remedy; if you omit this opportunity, you will for ever lose her.

Clo. Nay, rather than that I'll venture; but I'll take my Practice of Piety in my Pocket.

Luc. Do so, and then let 'em walk their hearts out.

Clo. Well, Gad save you, I'll marry her to night. [Exit Clo. and Rains.]

Luc. If I had not sent him away, we had been pester'd with him all night.

Rains. Since you have gone thus far with him, I'll have my share in the sport.

Luc. If he should see Bevil and Caroline, 'twould spoil all. [Exit Rains.]

Enter Foot-Boy.

Foot-Boy. Madam, my Lady sent me to tell you, that she is gone home with Mr. Bevil, and desires your Company.

Luc. I'll follow her. [Exit Foot-Boy.]

Rains. Roger, you heard what pass'd, pray go you with my Valet de Chambre, and take each of you a Sheet, and wait in the Church-porch till Clo. comes into the Church-yard, and then fall'y out upon him, and fright him to purpose.

Bev. I will, Sir, and am glad of the imployment: let us alone for mischief.

Rains. He believes in Spirits and dead Folks walking, as stedfastly as in his Greek and Roman history.

Luc. This may make excellent Sport.

Bev. Without instant; if we do not fright him out of that little wit his Justiceship has, I am mistaken. [Exit Rains.]

[Exeunt.]

Enter Fribble, Mrs. Frib. and Bisket.

Frib. Where's Mr. Kick and Cuff, Dol, we left 'em here but even now w^ter the went to bed with our neighbours.

Mrs.

Mrs. Frib. They were sent for upon extraordinary business, they paid the Reckoning.

Bisk. I vow they are very civil fair condition'd Gentlemen as one would wish to drink or bowl with ; but I vow there were some Bullies there, swore so bloodily, I was afraid the Bowling-Green would have fallen upon our heads ; but where's my Lamb ?

Mrs. Frib. She's stept to a Neighbour in the Bowling-Green, she'll come instantly.

Frib. Come, Neighbour *Bisk*, will you go ? our friends expect us to be merry with them, I could be so brisk to night, fa, la, la, &c.

Bisk. Ay, and I too, fa, la, la ; we'll sing old Rose, faith, hoy Boys.

Mrs. Frib. Why, have you the confidence to offer to leave me when the Gentlemen are gone, and you in this condition ?

Frib. How, what say you ?

Mrs. Frib. I have been too tame, 'tis time now to pluck up a spirit, you scurvy Fellow.

Frib. As Gad judge me, the Jades drunk.

Mrs. Frib. 'Tis you are drunk, Beast, every night ; you are sipping off your half pints all day long, and one has no more comfort of you at night, than of a Bed-staff, nay, not so much.

Frib. Oh monstrous impudence ! the Woman's possid'd, as I hope to breathe.

Bisk. Pish, this is nothing, my Duck says more to me than this every day ; they will have these humours with 'em, mine has abundance, pretty Rogue, ha, ha.

Frib. But if you be a fool, Neighbour, I'll be none, I'll not endure it. Know your Lord and Master.

Mrs. Frib. I am my own Mistress. Did I marry a foolish Haberdasher to be gover'd by him ? estupon thee, Nickcompeep, I'll onder thee, Pish.

Bisk. Just, my Duck, to a hair, ha, ha, ha.

Frib. Oh unheard of impudence !

Mrs. Frib. All my Neighbours cry out on me, for suffering you in your impudence. Shall I endure a Fellow to be drunk and loose, and spend that abroad that he should spend with me at home ; you villainous man, I'll not endure it.

Bisk. Just, my *Mistress*, for all the world, ha, ha, ha.

Frib. Nay then, 'tis time to be in earnest. Huswife, know your Lord and Master, I say, know your Lord and Master.

Mrs. Frib. My Lord and Master, I scorn thee, thou insolent Fellow, know your Lady and Mistress, Sirrah, I'll order you better, you scurvy fellow.

Frib. Oh horrible ! she's distracted. Huswife get you home and sleep, and be sober, or I'll send you home with a Flea in your Ear, am I not a Law ?

Mrs. Frib. Get you home, you pitiful Fellow, or I'll send you home with a Flea in your Ear, and you go to that, thou fumbling Fool.

Frib. This is prodigious. Do you know, Huswife, that I will give you much correction ?

Dor. You give the correction, you Coward !

Frib. The Law allows me to give my Wife due correction. I know the Law, Huswife, consider and tremble.

Dor.

Dor. You give me correction, you Whim; I'll teach you Law.

[She gives him a dash on the Cheeks.

Frib. Oh Impudence! nay then have at you. If you be mad, I'll cure you without the help of *Biskum*. [Beats her.

Dor. Help, help, murder, murder.

Bisk. Nay hold, Neighbour, for Heaven sake.

Frib. Stand by, let me alone, or I will mischief you. Would you be so wicked as to part Man and wife, a Curse will follow you, if you do.

Bisk. Nay then, whom Heav'n has join'd I will not put asunder.

Frib. Come, Hufwife, ask me pardon, or I will swinge you immoderately. [Frib. strikes her again.

Dor. Hold, I do ask you pardon.

[She kneels.

Frib. Will you never be so sufficient agen?

Dor. No, I will never pluck up a spirit agen.

Frib. Go, get you home.

Dor. Yes I will, but if I do not make your head ake for't before to morrow morning. [Aside. [Exit Doro.

Frib. Come here, and you old hooligan, sed and chum, is an excellent Sentence I learnt in my Grammar.

Bisk. This is incomparable. Oho! how I could govern my Wife thus! if I thought I could, I would swinge my Duck extreamly, I'd beat my Lamb inordinately.

Frib. I warrant you, try. This is the only way to govern her; let her feel, if she can't understand that you are her head.

Bisk. I vow and swear I have a good mind, really, though she is a pretty Rogue. She does lead me such a life sometimes, I protest and vow, flesh and blood is not able to bear it.

Frib. I tell you, Neighbour, 'tis a dishonourable thing to bear an affront from a Woman, especially our own Wife.

Bisk. Uds-me, here she is, I tremble.

Frib. Bear up for shame.

[Enter Mrs. Bisk.

Mrs. Bisk. Where have you been, you Pop-Doodie?

Bisk. What's that to you Jilt-Flirts?

Mrs. Bisk. What thyself Fellow?

Bisk. I may know your Lord and Master.

Mrs. Bisk. Oh Heaven! the Boar's drunk, and has lost his Senses.

Bisk. No, the sow is drunk, and has lost her manners.

Mrs. Bisk. Oh horrid insolence! you Villain, I'll order you, I can hear you have lost all your money at Bowls. Get you home, Sirrah, you drunken Beast, you shall have money agen, you shall.

Bisk. Peace, you impudent unseasonable Ass, or I shall grow passionate.

Mrs. Bisk. You horrid Fellow, I'll tear your eyes out. I am smaz'd, what can this insolence mean?

Bisk. Stand by me, Neighbour, I have too long endur'd your impudence. I will give you a great deal of Correction: I am your head, Hufwife.

Mrs. Bisk. You my head, you Cockold, nay then 'tis time to begin with you.

Epsom-Wolls.

you. I'll head you before I have done. [She gives him a dash in the Cheek.]

Frib. Now it begins.

Bisk. Nay then have at you.

[He strikes her.]

Mrs. Bisk. Strike your own Wife, I'll tear your Throat out.

[She takes away the frib and beats him, he tumbles down.]

Bisk. Help, murder, murder, Neighbour, help, help, help.

Mrs. Bisk. I'll make an Example on you. Mah would you govern your own Wife? Lord and Master, Quoth a!

Bisk. Oh my Throast, Oh my Eyes!

Frib. Come of for shame, you're an insolent Woman, and were you my Wife, I would take off your Woman-hood.

[Bisket gets up and runs away as hard as he can drive.]

Mrs. Bisk. Oh you are one of the Rascals that put him upon this! I'll try a pluck with you, I'll tear your Eyes out, you Villain, you Cockoldly Villain.

[She tears Fribble.]

Frib. Hold, hold — Oh Cowardly Rogue! Has he left me in the Lurch?

Mrs. Bisk. I'll order all such Rascals.

Frib. Hold, hold, this is a She-Devil. [Fribble runs from her, and Exit.]

Mrs. Bisk. So, are you routed? now the Field's my own; but I'll order my Cockold. Attempt to conquer his own Wife.

*I to my Husband scorn to be a Slave,
I ne'er can fear the beast whose horns I gave.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Kick and Cuff.

Kick. **T**HIS has been a lucky day; but this last busines you drew me into, frightened me devilishly.

Cuff. We that are to live by vertuous industry, ought to stand out at nothing.

Kick. But no more of this, if you please, yet 'twas well design'd to rob Glad-pate; a false Rogue to have threescore pounds in his Pocket, and leave us off at Put. He rob'd us of that first, and we took it by way of Reprisal.

Cuff. His Man is gagg'd and bound far enough from helping him.

Kick. And away the Horses are gone for London. The Rogue will neither go nor send to London for a discovery, he hates it so; but what a Poz made the Sot in the Church-yard.

Cuff. Nay, I know not, unless he waited to kill some body, and then give him Christian Burial. I am sure it furnished me with a good invention.

Kick. If thou hadst not been a thorough-pac'd Rogue, thou could'st never have been so present to thy self. If we had only bound him, some body might have pass'd by by accident and unloos'd him; but to tie his hands behind him, and —

and take a sheet off the next Hedge, and tie him up in it like a Ghost, and gag him, was a Master-piece of Roguery.

Coff. This way will not only secure us from present pursuit, for no body durst come near him to unbind his hands. But it will make excellent sport, he'll fright all the Town out of their wits.

Enter Rains and Roger.

Kick. There's *Rains*, let us retire for fear of broken heads.

[*Exeunt Kick and Coff.*

Rains. How now, what news of *Clodpate*?

Roger. Oh, Sir, we had like to have been frightened out of our wits our selves.

Rains. How so?

Roger. When we expected to have frightened Mr. *Clodpate*, we saw another in a sheet, at which at first we cry'd out for fear, which he (to our comfort) hearing, roar'd like a Bull at a Country Bear-bating, and run from us with all the speed he could.

Rains. 'Tis strange! who should it be?

Roger. We know not, Sir; but the amazement made us soon pull off our Ghostly Habits, and come home.

Enter Woody.

Rains. Who's here?

Wood. Mr. *Rains*, I am glad I have found you.

Rains. Oh, Sir, is it you? we are to thank you for the favour you did us in giving those excellent Characters of us to our Mistresses.

Wood. Your Mistresses? you are men of dispatch, you take Women as fast as the French Towns; none of 'em endure a Siège, but yield upon the first Summons to you.

Rains. You are in the wrong, such as we can buy or corrupt the Governours of, may be easily had; but there are your Nimmegen Ladies that will hold out, and peis damably. But, Sir, I must be a little more serious with you. Do you think you have us'd a couple of honest Fellows as you ought?

Wood. Why, I could do no less for the honour of my Kinswoman, or the securing my own love to *Carolina*, which was desperate; and let me tell you, it is a silly Honour that will hinder a man the satisfying of his love, and is never to be found but in foolish Rhyming Plays and Romances.

Rains. I could however be no rub in your way, since all my pretences are to your Cousin *Lucia*, and I'll assure you as honourable —

Wood. That's as the pleases; for you have no more honour in love than needs must. There's no trusting young Ladies now-a-days to the Invasion of *Audacious men*.

Rains. But they may to the *men of easie Phlegm*.

Wood. You are no man of *easie Phlegm*; but this is not my business, I suppose you have heard of the *Bustle at Mans's Garden* to night.

Rains. I have.

Wood. I have no more to say, but that you would tell *Bruil* I desire to see him with his *Sword in his hand*.

Rains. Sure you are too well-grounded in the belief of your Wives virtue, to entertain a slight suspicion of her.

Wood. I am sure they ne'er shall know that I insp'ct her.
Sir. Since you do not question her honour, do not you make bold with it, 'tis for his false accusation that I require satisfaction.

Rains. The same love that provok'd you to accuse him falsely, made him do the same to your Wife; he loves *Caroline* almost so madness.

Wood. The Honour of my Wife is too nice a thing to be us'd at that rate, especially by one that riviall'd me in my Mistress, without further dispute I will fight with him; if he refuses to meet me, I shall think he dares not.

"Know! That you shall not trifle; since you are so brisk, provide one to entertain me. I am his Friend."

Ruth. We cannot possibly meet to-night. On five to the morning we'll meet

Wood. I will expect you there, adieu.

Rain. Goodnight.

Four Double Picket doublets with 200 ft. of wire.

Bisk. Come on Fiddlers, play us a Serenade; a Serenade's a fine merry tune;

Frib. I warrant you, come we are choice Lads; come play a Serenade at

Bisk sings. Fa, la. Hold, can't you sing? Fly for Cuckoos, be for Cuckoos.

*Dub, a dub, dub, have at old Belshazzar, Oliver finds you mean
Fell. Do not please you, Sir, and you will be sorry to see us*

Frib. Ah brave Neighbour Bisket, you are a merry man I' fact.
Bisk. I am I not? I deifie any man in *Bysses* to be merrier, P'stys, Come
into all the Multidiversities, and all four and fives.

so public a gesture! — for all I could do was to say, "I am very sorry."

Now have I as much courage as any man upon the earth; if my Sweeting were here I'd beat her extremely, I'd Chastise my Pigfayre immo-
derately; I love her, poor Bird, but she's too unruly.

Wise old Sunfife's Song is on record. John Brown

If she prove constant, obliging, and kind.

Perhaps I'll touchsafe for to have her,
But if pride or inconstancy do her I find,

I'd rather her to know I'm above her.

Enter Mrs. Bisket and Mrs. Fribble.

Mrs. Frib. Mr. Rain shou'd be here by the Fiddles. O lamentable, our Husbands are drunk, and roaring, and serenading.

Mrs. Bisk. Oh, my fingers itch at 'em, I'll order my Rogue.

Bisk. 'S life here they are; now does my heart fail me: Fiddlers do you keep back; they shall be the reserve, you shall lead the Van, and I'll bring up the Rear: There's discipline for you.

Frib. We are fallen into an ambush, bear thy self bravely.

Mrs. Bisk. Where's my drunken beast? do you sneak behind? I'll make you an example.

Bisk. Sing;
But if pride or inconstancy in her I find,
I do have her to know I am above her.

Mrs. Bisk. Above me! a pitiful Comfit-maker, above me! I'll have better men above me. Sirrah, I'll spoil your singing.

Enter Kick and Cuff, with Fiddlers.

Kick. They are our Bubbles drunk, but not drunk enough, and their Wives with them too. Now for some stratagem to part 'em.

Cuff. Ladies, a word of consultation.

Mrs. Bisk. Your Servant, Sir.

Bisk. Oh Gentlemen, your Servant; now we'll be merry as Princes Phish: who cares for you now, come, strike up Fiddlers!

Mrs. Bisk. Ay, come, ha, ha, ha, let 'em alone, who cares?

Bisk. Ay, come, ha, ha, ha, who cares.

Kick. Ladies, let me desire you to walk away, your Husbands are too drunk for your company; we'll carry 'em to our Lodgings, and they shall sleep till they be sober.

Cuff. And we'll come back and wait on you with our Fiddles.

Mrs. Frib. Your Servant, sweet Sir, you are very obliging.

Mrs. Bisk. We shall be proud to wait on you. Your horrible Servant.

Frib. Are you gone? Come, Gentlemen, let's join our forces, and away a ser-
nading, fa, la, la, la.

Kick. Come on toward our Lodging.

Bisk. Strike up, fa, la, la, la.

Enter people trying to the Devil, the Devil, Clodpate with his hands behind him in a Jinn-like Ghast. Bisket and Fribble run with the Fiddlers, crying the Devil, the Ghast, &c.

Kick. He's here, the Rogue has made haste; now will our Ladies be afraid to lie alone to-night.

Cuff. We must e'en be content to supply their Husbands' places. Come a-
long.

Vib. Oh, oh, oh, looks there's my Gag broke at length, thanks to the
strength of my teeth; unmerciful Rogue, if it had been like Dapper's Gag of
Ginger

Ginger-bread, it would have melted in my mouth; never man has been so unfortunate as I have been this night, I have been frighted out of my Wits, I saw two Ghosts in the Church-yard, I have almost sweat my self into a Consumption, my man's gone, for ought I know, murder'd; nay, which is worse, my Dapple Mare's lost, I am rob'd of Threescore Pounds, my hands ty'd behind me, every one takes me for a Ghost; oh, oh, oh.

Enter a Country-man.

Couy. Oh, the Devil, the Devil!

[Exit.]

Clodp. Do you hear, I am no Devil, stay, stay. If I should run after him, he'd run ten times faster. If I go home they'll shut the doors upon me, no body will come near me this night, nor for ought I know, to morrow.

Enter Landlord and two more with him whistling.

Landl. Oh, here's the Ghost, the Ghost.

[Ex.]

Clodp. Stay, I am no Ghost, Landlord; Rogne, stay, I will pursue that Rascal. [He runs out after him, and both run over the Stage again, and Exeunt.]

Enter Toby.

Toby. How luckily was I reliev'd? I had been sure for one night, if an honest Fellow had not come by, by Miracle, but he told me a dreadful story of a Spirit walking to night.

Enter Clodpate.

: Who's this? my man *Toby*? [He runs off the Stage, Clodpate follows him, and they enter again.]

Toby. Oh the Devil, the Devil! [He runs off the Stage, Clodpate follows him, and they enter again.]

Clodp. Why, *Toby*, Rogue, Rascal, I am your Master, Clodpate. [As they run cross the Stage, Clodp. overtakes *Toby*, and strikes up his back.]

Justice Clodpate, Rogue, Rascal.

Toby. Devil I dief thee, and all thy works: Oh, oh, oh!

Clodp. Lye still, or I will stamp thy guts out, hear me, hear me; why, *Rogue* *Toby*, Rascal, I am thy Master.

Toby. Ha, I think it is my Master's voice.

Clodp. Oh, I am rob'd and abus'd, rise and unbind my hands.

Toby. Oh, it is he, let me recover the fright. Oh! how came you in this condition?

Clodp. Ask no questions, but untie my hands.

Toby. Oh, Sir, your Dapple Mare's gone.

Clodp. Oh, what shall I do? Oh miserable man! Oh poor Dapple! I love her so, I could go into mourning for her. I had as good almost have lost Carolina.

Toby. Nay, you had better, Sir, she was in the Plot against you to night, and abus'd you all this while with a story of the Church-yard.

Clodp. God looks, abuſe me.

Toby. She has no Brother hates the Country, is an absolute vain London-Lady and has made sport with you all this night.

Clodp. Now I reflect upon't, I'd shud, the Alligation in the Church-yd was very odd.

Toby. Miss *Woolly's* Maid has told me all; she has been laughing at you, and her design upon you all this night.

Closp. Godfooks, laugh at me, a Magistrate? I could find in my heart to bind her to her good behaviour.

Enter Peg.

Toby. Ha, who's this, Mrs. *Margaret*? Look you, Sir, she's come in time. I have told my Master what you told me.

Peg. 'Tis true; but I shall be ruin'd, if he tells it again.

Closp. Fear not that, Gadshud, I tell. but if I be not reveng'd on her. Hold, it comes into my head; what is become of the pretty Country-Lady I saw to day?

Peg. At her Lodging, the same wile in; but why do you ask, Sir?

Closp. As Gad judge me, 'tis the finest Lady I ever saw.

Peg. I could tell you, Sir, but I dare not.

Closp. What could'it thou tell me? Upon the honour of a Country-Judge, I'll be secret.

Peg. Sir, she is extremely taken with your Worship. Alas! she's a poor innocent Country thing.

Closp. Nay, but is she, poor Rogue?

Peg. She loves your honest, true, English Country Gentlemen, and wonders what Ladies can see in foolish London Fellows, to charm 'em so.

Closp. And I do, a Company of Spindle-thank'd Pocky Fellows, that will scarce hold together: I am of your true tuff English heart of Oak, Godfooks.

Peg. But, Sir, I am in haste, my Lady sent me of an Errand, and I must go.

Closp. Hold, Mrs. *Margaret*, if you can bring about my Marriage with this Lady, I will give you 30l.

Peg. That I know not whether I can do or no; but, Sir, I'll endeavour to serve you without a reward, if you be in earnest.

Closp. I am, prepare a Visit for me presently.

Peg. I'll do what I can to serve you, but I must go, your Servant.

Closp. If I do not give *Caroline* such a blow, she shall repent it all her life.

[*Ex. Closp. and Toby.*]

Enter Rains, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.

Care. Good Brisk; Sir, you shall not meet with *Woolly* this night.

Luc. And you, Sir, shall pass your word for your self and him. I know you'll offer your help to somuit a Gentleman-like murder for his Honour.

Rains. Faith, Ladies, there's no way to secure us but to take each of us and keep us in your several Chambers all night.

Luc. No, Sir, we shall be in more danger with that, than you'll be with fighting.

Care. We shall find a better way with a Constable and Watch, if you will not pass your words to go home peaceably to night.

Boy. If I could think this care of me proceeded from a value you have for me, I would renounce my Honour for my Love.

[*Care.*]

Care. Perhaps I have lost a value for you, or in time might grow to a Mind of Friendship. But that's the farthest point I shall ever stretch it to.

Bev. Friendship's a dull, foolish, ~~amusick~~ affection, which you might a had, being a Woman for the matter; but if it could ever grow to Love, I would renounce my dear Friends, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil for you.

Rains. A Lady will be little pleas'd with one that should renounce the Flesh for her sake.

Luc. Are not you angry in your heart to be kept from your Belov'd Bottles?

Rains. The Devil take me, I love you so, that I could be content to abjur Wine for ever, and drink nothing but Almond-milk for your sake.

Bev. We never meet like Country-Sots to drink only, but to enjoy one another, and then Wine steals upon us unawares, as late hours do sometimes upon your selves at Cards.

Rains. And it makes your dull Fools fit kickapping, sneezing, drivelling, and belching, with their eyes set in their heads, while it raises men of heat and vigour to mirth, and sometimes to extravagance.

Bev. And which is most scandalous, witty extravagance, or drivelling, drivelling, sneaking dulness.

Care. Now here comes *Peg* with a Note.

Peg. Is my Lady here, Ladie? 'tis past eleven, and she's not come home yet.

Luc. No, she's not here.

Peg. My Lady is at home, and bid me give you that Note. [Off to *Bev.*] Rains. Not a word to Mr. *Bev.*, good-night. I have taken order, the other Note shall be given to Mr. *Bev.*

Care. Gentlemen, we're now bound to your late hours, we must retire; but if you will not promise to go home peaceably, I will send for the Constable.

Rains. Take my word, Madam, there shall be nothing done to-night.

Luc. Gentlemen, your Servants.

Rains. I hope the noise of Fiddles under your Window, will not offend you.

Luc. In a Town where there are such vile noises all night long, we may suffer good Musick to come into the Confort.

Care. Adieu.

Bev. Your Servant, dear, dear Madam. [Ex. Women.]

*Enter Messenger with a Letter, and delivers it to *Bev.**

Bev. Is this for me?

Mess. It was left in the house for you.

Rains. What's this? Reads, *I know you to be a generous Person, and that you will succour a distressed Lady, who stands in need of your Advice immediately.*

Gad I believe she stands in need of something else than my Advice, she has a design on my Chastity. That I go? good Devil, do not tempt me, I must be constant, I will be constant: nay, *Gad*, I can be constant when I resolve on't, and yet

Sarah Woolly.

yet I am a Rogue. But I hope I shall have Grace, and yet I fear I shall not; but come what will, I must suffer this trial of my Virtue.

Bry. How now, Jack, an Afflignation?

Rains. Peace, Ned, peace, go home, I'll be with you in half an hour.

Bry. Farewell Constance.

I am glad he's gone; Woody has repented him of fighting in the morning, and won't dispatch the business to night, 'tis a Moon-light night, and we shall do well enough. Reads, *Mur me in the Field behind my Lodging*, and I will, Sir, *Leave you* are *glad* to doubt whether I durst or no.

[Exit.]

Enter Clodpole and Mrs. Jilt.

Clodp. Udsooks, do you suspect me? my word will go for ten thousand pounds in Suff.
[Exit.]

Jilt. Alas! I am a poor innocent Country-bred unexperienc'd in the World;

do not go about to betray a harmless Maid as I am, God wot.

Clodp. As I am an honest Man, I am in earnest; here's a Parson lies in the House, and I'll marry you immediately.

Jilt. Alas! I am an unconsiderable person, and not worth your Love, though I have been offer'd her before by Knights my Lordes upon my word, but they were surly London ones, and I swear I korn' em all.

Clodp. As God judgements me, you are in the right.

Jilt. Oh I hate that Town, my Father forc'd me thither for Breeding, forsooth. Excellent Breeding is learnt there indeed, to walk, daub, paint, and be proud, and sensible; and on 'em for yessels.

Clodp. Very fine, that's an Angel. Guide him I and gide him, North and South.

Jilt. I had rather rest upon a Ladys in the Country, than be that vain thing at London; upon my word so soon as I get away.

Clodp. Leave all, and cleave to me, we'll into Suff. far enough off that lewd Town.

Jilt. Alas! I am a silly innocent poor Creature, I cannot abide Marriage, upon my word nor I; yet I wou'd undergo anything rather than live at London; I had rather milk Cows in the Country, than be a Maid of Honour there.

Clodp. Maid of Honour! I'll make you a Wife of Honour, if you'll go with me; that's better.

Jilt. Well, I know I use to go sometimes for my pleasure to Milk a Cow; it is a very pleasant recreation to stroke the Cows Teats, I delighted in it ex-
tremely; this I, earin' you floggin' of her yester'day as she wot.

Clodp. Admirable —

Jilt. Nay I have gone a Hay-making in a frolick, upon my word now; but my Father was stark mad with me, and forc'd me to London, to learn breeding, and to break me of those tricks as he call'd 'em.

Clodp. Grudsooks, he was too blame. If you'll be my Wife you shall milk and make Hay, as much as you wold; as am b'as ben of 12116 b'as, so 1117 12116

Jilt. Girl, you are in a moneys; stronger to me, though Mrs. Margaret has told me your condition and quality w'ch is an inesse of simple thing and am much take advice of Friends.

Clodp.

Closp. Friends! God take me, I have 2000*l.* a year, take advice of that, 'twill be the best Friend you can advise with.

Enter Mrs. Woodly.

Mrs. Wood. 'Tis strange this Husband of mine is not come home yet; but I hope Mr. Rains will not fail his appointment.

Closp. Here's Company, let us retire and discourse of this business. If I do not give Carolina such a bob as she never had in her life —

[Ex. Clospate and Jilt.

Mrs. Wood. Mr. Rains seems to be a person of worth, and fitter to be trusted with an iatrigue, than that Villain *Bevil*.

Enter Rains.

Rains. What a Rogue am I to run into temptation; but Pox on't, *Lucia* will ne'er miss what I shall lose. Madam, your humble Servant, I have obey'd your Summons.

Mrs. Wood. Sir, I hope you'll pardon the confidence of a stranger, that blushes for't, as I do.

Rains. I must thank you for the honour. I'll ne'er stand out at serving such a Lady with my soul and body too; I God as far as it will go — I am a Rogue, poor *Lucia*, forgive me.

Mrs. Wood. Your Friend *Bevil* is the falsest of men, but I do not doubt your honour; you are fit to make a Friend of, and advise a Lady in the dangerous actions of her life.

Rains. It was an unlucky embroilment you were in this night.

Mrs. Wood. It was, Sir; but I am the more easily appeas'd, since it has offerd mean occasion of knowing, in some measure, so worthy a person as your self.

Rains. Why there it is — I see what it must come to

[Aside.]

Enter Peg.

Peg. Madam, Mr. *Bevil* is walking yonder, but my Master is coming in.

Rains. Death, Madam, I shall be discover'd.

Mrs. Wood. Fear it not, go in.

[Exit Rains.]

Peg, go down.

Enter Woodly.

Wood. So, Madam, does not your Ladyship blush, and tremble at my presence?

Mrs. Wood. You are an unworthy man to suspect my virtue, I am the most abus'd Woman upon the Earth.

Wood. Abus'd! it is impossible.

Mrs. Wood. I can clear my self, wou'd you cou'd do so, barbarous man!

Wood. You clear your self!

Mrs. Wood. That false Villain, *Bevil* has again had the impudence to solicit my virtue, and after he had ask'd me a thousand pardons, he was so audacious to press me to a meeting, saying, he would defend me against all your rage, and that there was no way for me left, but to fling my self upon him for protection.

Wood.

Wood. 's Death and Hell, and I'll reward him for't.

Mrs. Wood. Lord, how I tremble, do not quarrel, good Dear; though you are a naughty man, I cannot but love you yet, and won'd not have told you this, but to clear my honour; take two or three of your Servants, and beat him soundly; do not quarrel, good Dear.

Wood. I'll warrant you, let me alone.

[Ex. Woody.

Mrs. Wood. I know he has too much honour not so meet him singly; if he kills Bevil, I am reveng'd, if Bevil kills him, he rids me of the worst Husband for my honour in Christendom; but I'll to Mr. Rains, he's a Gentleman indeed.

[Ex. Mrs. Woody.

Enter Bevil in the field.

Bev. Where is this Woody? 'Tis as fine a Moon-light night to run a man through the Lungs in, as one wou'd wish; 'Twas unlucky he shou'd over-hear me to night, but 'tis too late to retreat now.

[Rains and Mrs. Woody appear at the Window above.

Rains. 's Life yonder's Bevil; I must to him, for I gave my word to keep him from meeting your Husband to night.

Mrs. Wood. You need not fear, my Husband's gone another way.

Rains. However, Madam, I must secure him in my Lodgings, and I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs. Wood. But, Sir, I have an immediate occasion for your assistance and advice.

Rains. Madam, I'll return immediately.

Mrs. Wood. My affair is so pressing and urgent, it must be dispatch'd instantly.

Rains. I'll not stay a moment from you.

Mrs. Wood. Stay but one minute; they'll not meet I tell you.

Rains. Madam, I pas'd my honour, and dare not venture it.

Mrs. Wood. Excellent honour, to leave a Lady that has such occasion for you as I have.

Rains. I have as much occasion, Madam, for you; but those old Enemies Love and Honour will never agree.

Mrs. Wood. Sir, you shall not stir, for a reason I have to my self.

Rains. For a reaſon I have to my ſelf, I muſt, Madam. [Breaks from her and Exit.

Mrs. Wood. Farewel you ill-bred, rude, unworthy Fellow: Heaven! how unlucky this is? I am ruin'd.

[Ex. Mrs. Wood.

Enter Woody.

Wood. All's true she has said, he's here.

Bev. Oh, Sir, are you come, I have waited ſufficiently for you.

Wood. Oh, cunning! how ready he's as a lye to excuse himself? Do you think to carry it off thus?

Bev. Carry what off? you ſee, Sir, I dare meet you.

Wood. Rare impudence, meet me! have at you, Sir.

[Draws.

[They fight, Woody falls and is diſarm'd.

Bev.

Bry. Your Life —

Wood. Take it — I deserve to lose it since I defrauded it to him.

Bry. No, Sir — live — and live my Friend if you please, and know your Lady's innocent: I had not gone so far, but that you were pleased to make a question to Rains, whether I durst meet you or no.

[Enter Rains] out of the world again.

Rains. How, Gentlemen, you have put a fine trick upon me, to engage me, and then leave me out of this business.

Wood. Me came hither to meet another, Sir, not me.

Bry. Another, you are mad, Sir.

[Enter Lucia and Carolina in Night-Gowns.]

Luc. So Gentlemen, you are men of honour, you keep your words well, but we would not trust you — we had you dogg'd.

Caro. This will redound much to our reputation, to have our names us'd in one of your quarrels.

Rains. There's a mistake, Madam, hear it out.

Wood. Did not you come to meet a Lady of my acquaintance?

Bry. I receiv'd a Challenge from you, there 'tis —

Wood. From me? I sent none. Ha, this must be my damn'd WIFE. 'sDeath and Hell; but no more, I am revolv'd. Ladies and Gentlemen, do me the favour to go into my Lodgings with me, and you shall see I will behave my self like a man of honour, and doubt not but to have all your approbations.

Rains. What does he mean?

Luc. Come, let's in.

[Exit.]

[Enter Bisk and Fribble in the Hall.]

Bisk. A due take Mr. Cuff and Mr. Kick, for locking us up. I'll take him up roundly for't to-morrow: it's well his Landlord took pity on us and releas'd us.

Frib. Well, I am so loving in my drink, I'll go to bed to my Dear, and forgive her all.

Bisk. I can hold out no longer, I'll go to bed and make peace with my Bird, there's no such peace as that concluded between a pair of Sheets. Prithee, Neighbour, go you first gently into her Chamber, and try to appease her, a little to prepare my way.

Frib. Well, I'll venture a Broken-head for you once.

Bisk. Gently, gently.

Frib. 'sDeath, what do I see?

[Peeps in.]

Bisk. Be not afraid, man, what's the matter?

Frib. Mr. Kick is in a very indecent posture upon the Bed with your Wife. *[Peeps in.]* Life what do you say? Oh, 'tis true, 'tis true, what shall I do? If I should go in, he'd grow desperate at the discovery, and for ought I know, kill me.

Bisk. You must get a Constable and apprehend him; but for my Jade I'd *[Peeps in.]* kill her, If I should find her at it.

Bisk. I will, I will, come along with me, Neighbour.

Frib. Stay but a minute till I see how my poor Rogue does, and I'll go with you; I beat her damnable, and am very sorry for't, P'rack.

Bisk. Oh make haste, make haste!

Frib. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!

[Enter.]

Bisk. What's the matter?

Frib. Oh, Lord i-

Bisk. What's the matter, come away?

Frib. As God judge me, my Jago's at the same recreation with Mr. *Coff.* Oh look, look, Neighbour, that you may be my witness as well as I am yours.

[*Bisk.* peeps.]

Bisk. She has given you occasion to maul her, Neighbour.

Frib. This I may thank you for; you must be bringing Fellows acquainted with your Wife, ye Soz.

Frib. And you must be laying wagers upon your Wife's head. Come, come, let's fetch a Constable, the World shall know what lewd Creatures they are.

[Exit.]

Enter *Rains, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.*

Rains. Since Mr. *Woodly* is so busy with him, getting his great affair with his Lady, let us mind our businels. Ladies, our Loves to you two are so violent, they must end in Marriage.

Luc. Your Love is violent indeed, it is a hot Spur French Love.

Bev. I am sure I have lov'd out a year of ordinary Love in this one day.

Caro. Marriage! that were time to talk of when we have known you seven years.

Rains. 'Death, would you have a man have the patience of a Patriarch?

Luc. Methinks 'twere enough to arrive at Platonick Love at first.

Bev. The pretence to that is more out of fashion in this active Age, than Ruffs and Trunk-breeches are.

Caro. If we hear one word of Marriage more, we'll discard you. We may perhaps admit of a little harmless Gallantry.

Luc. This is no Age for Marriage; but if you'll keep your distance, we will admit you for a Couple of Servants as far as a Country Dance, or Ombre, or so.

Enter *Clodpate.*

Clodp. So, Ladies, I thank you for the Tricks you have put upon me; but, Madam, I am even with you for your *London* Tricks, I have given you such a bob.

Caro. Me?

Clodp. You have lost me, Madam, you have. I have married a pretty innocent Country-Lady worth fifty of you. Come in, my Dear. Here's the Parson too, that dispatch'd the businels for us. I think I have met with you now.

Enter *Jilt with a Parson.*

Rains. Mrs. *Jilt.*

Bev. Old Acquaintance.

Clodpate. How's this!

Jilt. This got a Husband at last, though much aado, I'll swear.

Enter Peg.

Peg. Sister, I wish you Joy. Now I hope I may be own'd by you.

Clodp. Is she her Sister? Curse'd Instrument of Hell, I am cheated, abus'd.

Bro. Is this your Country-Lady? She has liv'd in London all her life.

Clodp. Uldsbud, is this true?

Jilt. I was never so far out of London, nor ever will be agen, I'll swear.

Clodp. Nay, now I am sure she has liv'd in London, she could not have been so impudent else.

Care. I wish you happy in her, Sir, though it was not my good Fortune to be made so by you; but let's in and hear伍ddy's resolution.

[Ex. Rains, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.

Jilt. Did you think I would be mop'd up in a houfe in Sussex? Sister, take a place in the Coach, and go to morrow to London, get my Brother to bespeak me a fine Coach and Horses, and to hire me a House in Lincolns-Inn-Fields, I shall find Credit for Furniture; but now I think on't, my Dear, you shall go with me. You are so strangely Rustical, I swear, you must be better bred, if you think to please me; upon my word you must.

Clodp. Gudsooks, Gud'abud, I'll go hang my self.

Jilt. A person of your Quality keep Company with Boars and Rascals, it's a shame. I'll ha'you to London, and bring you acquainted with Wits and Courtiers upon my word, and you shall learn such breeding of 'em. I am belov'd and courted at a high rate by 'em all, I'll swear.

Clodp. Oh, miserable man! I have not only married a Londoner, and consequently a Strumpet, and consequently one that is not sound, but the most audacious of her Sex, a Mall Cutpurse, a Doll Common.

Jilt. My Dear, you are strangely unkind upon your Wedding night. We'll to London together to morrow, you'll find great respect there for my sake. I have had so many Lovers I have been cruel to, that I'll swear you'll be the most envied man in the whole World, upon my word you will.

Clodp. I am distracted, I know not what to do or say.

Jilt. Why are you troubled, my Dear? you shall find I have interest at Court, and can keep you from being Sheriff; nay, I believe I could get you Knighted.

Clodp. Knighted with a Pox; would you had interest enough with the Parson, and wou'd get me unmarry'd, I wou'd willingly give a Leg or an Arm.

Jilt. Unmarried; nay, Sir, an' you despise me, I scorn such a pitiful Fellow as you are; matters are not gone so far, but upon good terms I can release you.

Clodp. How, Gudsbud, what say you?

Peg. Leave it to me, give me a handfome reward, and her some considerati-on for the los's she shall have in such a Husband, and I'll do't.

Clodp. I will, any thing that you can in reason demand.

Jilt. We'll in, and consult about the business.

[Ex. Jilt, and Peg, and Parson.

Clodp. And I'd give half of my Estate to be rid on her.

Enter

Enter Bisket and Fribble, with a Constable and Watch, bringing in Mrs. Fribble, Mrs. Bisket, Kick, and Cuff.

Bisk. Sir, an please your Worship, I have brought a Malefactor before you here, that in most unseemly manner did make an assault upon the body of my Wife.

Frib. And I another, that committed the same insolence upon mine.

Clodp. Ha, Rogues ! I'll vent some of my anger upon them : Hah, you were the Rogues in Country Habits, to day, that won my money at Pote : I'll make you Examples, cheating Villains ; you, for ought I know, rob'd me, bound me, and stole my Dapple Mare.

Kick. Shameless Raftals, to publish thus your own disgraces.

[To Bisk. and Frib.]

Cuff. Rogues ! we shall meet with you.

Clodp. Away with 'em, cheating Slaves & adulterous Rogues !

Cuff. Mr. Justice, you are a Coxcomb ; and I shall find a time to cut your Nose.

Kick. And I will make bold to pis upon your Worship.

Clodp. Oh impudence ! Constable secure 'em to night, and I'll send 'em in the morning to Kingstan Goal without Ball or Mainprize.

Cuff. Phew, our Party is too strong for that, here in Town.

[Ex. Constable, Cuff, and Kick.]

Clod. Oh this cursed Match of mine ! I'll see what they do within.

[Ex. Clodp.]

Mrs. Frib. Good Dear, forgive me : I will never do the like again.

Frib. Again, quoth she ! no she had not need — [They Kneel.]

Mrs. Bisk. Good Duck, now forgive me ; I will never commit Adultery again, nay I will never pluck up a spirit against thee more. Thou shalt command me for ever, if thou'l say no more of this business.

Bisk. Well, my heart melts — I cannot deny my Lamb when she begs any thing upon her Knees. Rise, poor Bird — but i'fack you were too blame, Duck.

Mrs. Bisk. I was ; but I will never do so again.

Bisk. But will you swear, as you hope to be sav'd.

Mrs. Bisk. Ay, as I hope to be sav'd.

Mrs. Frib. Pray, Dear, forgive me.

Frib. Ay, now you are upon your Knees ; but you were in another posture just now.

Mrs. Frib. And I wish I may never stir out of this place alive, if I e'er do so again. Pray forgive me.

Frib. Well, I'll pass it by for once ; but I'll not fail to sue Cuff upon an Action of Assault and Battery.

Bisk. And I'll sue Kick too. If we order our business wifely and impannel a good substantial Jury, of all married men, they'll give us vast damages.

Frib. I have known a man recover 4 or 500/. in such a Case, and his Wife not one jot the worse.

Bisk.

Bisk. No, not a bit. But shall I always command you?

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, you shall, you shall.

Bisk. Why then this is the first day of my reign.

Enter Woodly, Mrs. Woodly, Rains, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.

Wood. I desire you all here to stay, and be Witnesses of what I now shall do.

Rains. Be not rash, consider 'till to morrow.

Wood. I have consider'd, dismisse me not: next to the obligation she did me to let me enjoy her when I lik'd her, is the giving me occasion to part with her when I do not like her.

Bev. I am extream sorry, Madam, that I was the occasion, though unwillingly, of this breach.

Mrs. Wood. You are not the occasion, he believes you not; but if you were, I should thank you; for you would rid me at once of him and your self too: but the business is, we like not one another, and there's an end on't.

Wood. But let's execute our Divorce decently; for my part I'll celebrate it like a Wedding.

Mrs. Wood. To me 'tis a more joyful day:

Enter Clodpate, Jilt, Peg, and Parson.

Peg. Do but sign this Warrant, to confess a Judgment to my Sister, and this Bond to me; and I'll null your Marriage, or declare these Writings before all these Witnesses to be void.

Clodp. Give me the Writings, I will do't with all my heart.

Luo. What's here another Divorce? *Clodpate* begins betimes.

Clodp. Here they are, take 'em.

Peg. Well now, Sir, know the Parson would not marry you, because the hour was not Canonical, but I was fain to steal a Cuckoo, and counterfeit a Beard for Mr. Woodly's man. Look you, this is the first Parson I ever ordain'd.

[*Pulls his Beard off.*]

Jilt. I release you of your Marriage and thank you, you have qualified me to marry one I like better, for I am resolv'd to marry upon my word, and suddenly too.

Clodp. 'Sdeath and Hell, if ever I come so near London agen, I'll commit Treason, and have my head and quarters set upon the Bridge. [*Ex. Clodpate.*]

Wood. Now listen, and be witnesses to our agreement.

Mrs. Wood. This I think is the first time we e'er agreed since our Wedding.

Wood. *Imprimis,* I Francis Woodly, for several causes me thereunto especially moving, do declare I will for ever separate from the company of Sarah my now Wife.

Mrs. Wood. Your lewd disorderly life made you separate before. The said Sarah having for this two years scarce seen you by day-light.

Wood. And that I will never hereafter use her like a Wife.

Mrs. Wood. That is scurvy. Also all Obligations of conjugal affections, shall from henceforth cease, be null, void, and of none effect.

Wood. Then, that I am to keep what Mistres I please, and how I please, after the laudable custom of other Husbands.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wood. And that I am to have no Spies upon my company or actions, but may enjoy all Priviledges of other separate Ladies, without any lett, hindrance, or molestation whatsoever.

Wood. And if at any time I should be in drink, or otherwise in a loving fit, and should be desirous to visit you, it shall and may be lawful for you to deny me ingress, egress, and regrefs.

Mrs. Wood. Yes, though you serve me as you do others, and break my Windows.

Wood. I restore you all your Portion, and add 2000*L.* to it for the use I have had on you.

Mrs. Wood. So, it is done.

Wood. Is not this better than to live and quarrel, and to keep a pother with one another. Faith takes Kiss at parting for old acquaintance. [Kisses her.]

Mrs. Wood. Farewel, dear Husband.

Wood. Adieu, dear Wife.

Frib. to his Wife. This'tis to marry a Gentleman, forsooth; if you had marry'd one, you certainly had been turn'd away for the prank you plaid to night.

Bish. Ay, but we Citizens use our Wives better: let me tell you, Neighbour Fribble, I would not part from my Lamb for all the World, les her do what she will, she is such a pretty Rogue.

Luc. See what Matrimony comes to —

Rains. Madam, since we cannot agree upon better terms, let me claim your Promise, and admit me for your Servant.

Luc. I do receive you upon tryal.

Caro. And I you upon your good behaviour: I think you have gone far enough in one day.

Luc. If you should improve every day so, what would it come to in time?

Rains. To what it should come to, Madam.

Bov. 'Twill come to that, Jack; for one Fortnight, conversing with us will lay such a scandal upon 'em, they'll be glad to repair to Marriage.

Wood. To shew you, that there was never yet so decent a Divorce, I have Fiddles to play at it, as they use to do at Weddings.

Mrs. Wood. And to shew you I am extreamly pleas'd, I'll dance at it.

Wood. How easie and how light I walk without this Yoak! methinks 'tis air I tread — Come let's Dance, strike up.

Dances:

*Marriage that does the hearts and wills unite,
Is the best state of pleasure and delight:*

But —

*When Man and Wife no more each other please,
They may at least like us each other easie.*

[Ex. amies.]

Epilogue.

A Play without a Wedding, made in spight
Of old Black-Fryars ; 'tis a fine way they write ;
They please the wicked Wenchers of the Age,
And scoff at civil Husbands on the Stage :
To th' great decay of Children in the Nation,
They laugh poor Matrimony out of fashion.
A young man dares not marry now for shame,
He is afraid of losing his good name.
If they go on thus, in a short time we
Shall but few Sons of honest Woman see :
And when no virtuous Mothers there shall be,
Who is't will boast his ancient Family ?
Therefore, for Heavens sake, take the first occasion,
And marry all of you for th' good o' th' Nation.
Gallants, leave your lewd whoring and take Wives,
Repent for shame your Covent-Garden lives :
Fear not the fate of us, whom in the Play
Our bandy Poet Cuckolded to day ;
For ours are Eplom Water-drinking Wives,
And few in that lewd Town lead stricter lives :
But for the rest, be'd have it understood
By representing few ill Wives he wou'd
Advance the value of the many good.
He knows the wise, the fair, the chaste, the young.
A party are so numerous and strong,
Would they his Play with their protection owne,
They might each day fill all this House alone.
He says, none but ill Wives can ever be
Banded in faction 'gainst this Comedy.
Therefore come all, who wish to have it known,
Though there are fewry Wives, that they are none.

FINIS.